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THE
HEIR of MONTAGUE.

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MONTAGUE.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

“—Virtue never is defac'd ! unchang'd
“ By strokes of fate, she triumphs o'er distress,
“ And ev'ry bleeding wound adorns her beauty.”

CIBBER.

VOL. II.

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H E I R

MONTAGUE

A NOVEL

VOL. II



THE WILLIAM I. STREET

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early hour; the next morning George, who on Frederic in his room.

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CHAP. I.

THE house of Mr. Dalby was in Cavendish-Square; it was large and elegant, and furnished in the first style. The travellers arrived late in the afternoon; Mrs. Dalby was quite exhausted, Frederic much chagrined by the cold manner of George, and George himself, occupied by unpleasant thoughts, was listless and uneasy; Dalby alone preserved any spirits, although he both expressed and

felt the greatest regret at leaving, what he declared to be, one of the sweetest spots he had seen. The whole party retired at an early hour: the next morning George waited on Frederic in his room.

"I have been very uneasy," said he, "upon reflecting, that my behaviour yesterday afternoon, Moontague, must have had the air of fullness, when it arose entirely from vexation."

"From vexation?" repeated Frederic.

"Yes, indeed, although you will not easily suspect the cause; I feared to trust my tongue, lest I should say what was highly improper when I was speaking of my father: I am grieved indeed that such cause should be given you of disgust; but I hope you will not suppose that I abet such principles: I do not presume to censure my father; but on that subject I hope I shall always differ from him. I wished to explain this to you, lest you should suppose you had left every one behind who respected religion, or admired virtue."

"I thank you indeed, Dalby, for this favor,
and

and I am glad to hear that your coldness proceeded from no other cause."

"I could have no other:—But, to change the subject, what say you to a party to the Haymarket this evening? I shall call on some of my acquaintance, who may chance to be in town, and make a party there, if you have no objection."

Frederic readily assented; and George, with some difficulty (as few of his acquaintances were now in town) arranged his party, and invited them to sup at Mr. Dalby's. Frederic liked neither the person, the manners, nor the conversation of his new acquaintance, and George rose infinitely in his esteem by a comparison with them: their discourse, though partly unintelligible to him, disgusted him extremely, and not a little was he hurt to hear his friend George too frequently joined in it. As Frederic's rank and fortune was soon whispered round, he was treated with much respect; yet, as he occasionally discovered his ignorance of the world, he was exposed to a few sarcasms, whose ill nature certain'y was not compensated by their wit.

In the evening they proceeded to the Haymarket: the beautiful scenery which graces that truly elegant little Theatre, the excellent acting of its select performers, and the sweet music of Dr. Arnold, absorbed the attention of Frederic, in spite of his talkative companions; no thought but what the scene before him inspired could occupy his mind, except sometimes a wish that his Emma were sitting by him to enjoy it too.

It was with infinite regret that he saw the green curtain fall, and found himself obliged to turn to his disagreeable party; from whom however he was soon separated by the crowd, and his ignorance of the place, this circumstance by no means displeased him, and he was walking along reflecting on the pleasure he had received, when he was met by three women dressed in a most shewy manner; there was something very extraordinary in their appearance—the middle lady was in tears, and evidently moved with reluctance, or rather was forced along by the other two, who laughed and talked extremely loud. Frederic stopped almost involuntarily to look

at them, which the distressed lady no sooner perceived, than bursting violently from her companions, she ran towards him, and throwing herself into his arms,

“Oh! for God’s sake,” cried she, “have pity on me, and protect me.”

“Protect you, Madam?” said Frederic, “certainly.”

The lady started from him, and wringing her hands, “Oh! I am a lost creature,” cried she, “I am lost indeed; but if you have any honor, any virtue,—but what am I doing?—You are a stranger, all are strangers, I have no friend.

“Yes, Madam, indeed, indeed you have!” cried Frederic fervently; “I will be your friend; command me, tell me what I can do for you.”

The lady looked at him with wildness. “A friend! a friend!” cried she; “will you be my friend? Will you not let them insult me?”

“Who shall dare insult you?” cried Frederic, looking fiercely at the two women,

who walked on, "condescend, Madam, to accept my protection."

"But will not you insult me too?" said the lady, with wildness: "No, no," continued she, "you should have honor; I am quite helpless, and you will not cast me lower!"

"I will not, Madam, I will not: trust me: I am indeed but a rustic, but to the utmost of my ability, you shall command me."

The lady after some hesitation, many bitter sighs, and often looking earnestly in his face, at length consented to accompany him; and as they were frequently separated, she, after some intreaty, accepted of his arm, to conduct her. In this situation was Frederic moving on, when he was met by his party, who supposing him lost in the crowd, were come back to seek him; but no sooner did they see him, than all (George excepted) begun to laugh immoderately. Frederic was displeased, and demanded what they meant; while George came up to him with a look of real concern.

"What

"What have you been doing Montague?" said he, "what does this mean?"

"I will explain another time," said Frederic, "meanwhile will you be kind enough to call a coach for me? you can do it better than I."

"A coach—my father's, Lord V—'s, and Mr. Godfrey's, are already in waiting; what can you want with a coach?"

"I have my reasons, Sir," said Frederic, "and at a more proper time I will explain them to you."

"O Sir," cried one of the young men, "my servant shall call one for you instantly, and you, Dalby, don't ask impertinent questions!" with a smile of meaning.

They were now arrived at the door of the theatre, and in a few minutes the servant returned and told them, that with much difficulty he had procured a coach. Frederic was then going.

"Montague! Montague!" said George, "is this possible? I could not have supposed it; but yet do not go."

"What can you be thinking of, Dalby?"

said Frederic, "do you suppose I will not protect a woman in distress."

"A woman in distress," repeated Dalby, with an ironical air; "and pray which of her distresses are you going to relieve, and what are you to receive in return?"

The lady again burst into tears, and even made an attempt to escape.

"For shame! for shame! Sir," said Frederic indignantly, "is this manly? Is it generous? But do not suppose I will suffer any man, no not my friend, to insult a woman who is under my protection."

Frederic waved his hand angrily, and left them: He then apologized in the gentlest manner to the lady for the improper treatment she had received; and after asking of her, and giving a direction, handed her into the coach: the journey was short, and uncomfortable; the unfortunate lady wept, trembled, and implored; but would not be comforted. They stopped, at length, at the door of a small but handsome house; the coachman knocked, and the door was opened half way.

"Who

"Who is there?" screamed a female voice.

"Your Master and Mistress."

"That goes for nothing, for I've no Master"

"Your Mistress, then; come, open the door."

"But I shan't."

"You had better alight, Madam, and speak to your servant," said Frederic.

The lady consented, and he handed her out, when she spoke to the girl, who immediately opened the door. Frederic discharged the coachman and followed her up the steps. She turned and thanked him for his kindness, but excused herself from asking him in, pleading her situation.

"You will, however, I hope, permit me to call upon you to-morrow morning?" said Frederic.

"To-morrow morning!" repeated the lady with a deep sigh, "I shall never see to-morrow morning: but thanks to you, Sir, I am not so low, so fallen, as to fear to die, although I am sufficiently so to hate to live."

There was a wildness in her manners which terrified Frederic.

"Pardon me, Madam," said he, "but I will not leave you thus; ah! Madam, if your distresses are within the power of relief, deign to acquaint me with them."

"Pray, Sir, walk in," said the maid, "my Mistress is not yet gone to bed. Oh! how glad she will be to see you again, Ma'am: she has been so unhappy lately."

"She is too kind to me!" said the lady.

"But pray, Miss Hamilton, what name am I to carry up for this gentleman?" said the maid.

Frederic was much confused; unwilling to go, yet ashamed to stay, he stood unresolved: the maid, however, again desiring him to walk in, and the young lady no longer opposing it, he followed them into a handsome parlour, and Frederic professing himself wholly unknown to the Mistress of the house, at length sent up his name. In a few minutes an elderly and very respectable woman appeared.

"Ah!

“Ah! my dear Miss Hamilton,” said she, “how happy I am to see you once more. Why did you leave me? Where have you been?”

“Ah! Madam,” said the lady, “and burst into tears.

“My dear young lady be comforted, you should not have left me, you should never have wanted a friend: what must you have suffered?”

“I have done very wrong indeed, I have been cruelly deceived, cruelly treated; but indeed, indeed I am innocent: But, Oh! my dear Mrs. Woodburne, but for this gentleman, heaven knows what might have become of me.”

Mrs. Woodburne now turned to Frederic, “I beg your pardon, Sir,” said she, “but really I was so lost in astonishment and joy, I did not observe you.”

Frederic bowed, but felt extremely awkward.

“I wished to be no longer burthenfome to you, my dear Madam,” said Miss Hamilton, “and, during your absence, I endeavoured

to obtain a situation; but my inexperience betrayed me into seeking protection from infamy. I am preserved—there is my preserver. Heaven will reward him, although I cannot.”

Frederic had been observing the young lady while she spoke, which, in the late confused circumstances, he had little opportunity of doing; and he now discovered her to be, next to Miss Nevil, the most beautiful figure he had ever seen; she was tall and delicate, and the melancholy paleness of her countenance contributed to render her interesting.

“We will defer any farther explanation, my dear,” said Mrs. Woodburne, “till to-morrow morning; at present you have need of rest, Betty shall conduct you to your room, and I will send her with some refreshment.”

Miss Hamilton thanked her, arose, and as she passed Frederic, again poured forth her gratitude for her deliverance, and withdrew. Frederic was about to depart unsatisfied, when Mrs. Woodburne detained him.

“You must stay and sup with me, Sir,” said she; “we have become strangely acquainted,

quainted, but yet in a way that does you so much honor, that I should be too happy to be favored with half an hour of your company, and your heart, which had the kindness to assist one woman, will not have the cruelty to deny a satisfaction to another."

Frederic hesitated—what would the Dalby's think of his absence? how could he apologise for such rudeness?—by relating the adventure: and if he now departed, his curiosity so strongly raised, might never be gratified. This determined him, and with many acknowledgments he accepted Mrs. Woodburne's invitation.

After supper Frederic hinted his wish to hear the history of the amiable and unhappy lady.

"You have indeed, Sir," said Mrs. Woodburne, "the utmost right to be made acquainted with the name and circumstances of a person whom you have so essentially served; if it will give you satisfaction I ought not to deny it you, but you must excuse my suppressing the names."

"Undoubtedly," said Frederic.

Mrs.

Mrs. Woodburne proceeded.

“Miss Hamilton is the daughter of a gentleman, of the first family and fortune; she had the misfortune to lose her mother when extremely young; but has been brought up with a younger sister at home, under the care of a governess. Mr. Hamilton is the proudest and most prejudiced of men; he had determined to wed his daughter to nobody beneath a Peer: he did not doubt but his alliance would be courted by those of the highest rank. In this idea he was partly justified; both the Miss Hamilton’s have every attraction of person, and every ornamental accomplishment; their disposition is sweetness itself; and, what I fear might be considered as a still greater inducement, their fortunes it was supposed would be immense. Mr. Hamilton at least certainly depended principally upon it, for he kept them wholly secluded from the world, dreading, as I suppose, their making improper attachments; but, like most over cautious people, his vigilance was of little avail; or, rather, he laid it aside at a time the most imprudent.

“Miss

“Miss Hamilton had just compleated her seventeenth year, when an earnest solicitation from an intimate friend tempted her father to go abroad: the care of his daughter in the mean time was committed to the discretion of their governess. This woman, artful and interested, had always flattered alike the father and the daughters, and had ingratiated herself with them by indulging, as much as she had with him by seeming to restrain them.

“The long seclusion which she had endured had been painful to her in the extreme, and no sooner was her patron gone, than she began to give way (under pretence of shewing the young ladies the world) to her passion for company and amusement. Being a gentlewoman, and of very pleasing manners, she was every where received by ladies of the first distinction: one of these ladies became particularly attached to Miss Hamilton, and requested the governess to permit her to take that young lady with her to to a neighbouring assembly. This was readily granted: Miss Hamilton danced with a young gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. C.

a man every way amiable ; they were mutually pleased with each other ; this pleasure soon grew into love. Mr. C. visited continually at Mr. Hamilton's, and the governess, far from discouraging, connived at, or rather seemed unacquainted with the purport of his visits.

“This went on a long while, although it was pretty certain Mr. Hamilton could never consent to an union with Mr. C. as that gentleman, although of good family, had no title to bestow ; but the governess saw, that by encouraging his addresses she pleased the young lady, and her favor was of course secured ; and, should Mr. Hamilton return and be displeased, she had a tale prepared, in which, by sacrificing the young lady, she might save herself : and this was the method she pursued.

“After a year's absence, Mr. Hamilton returned. His first question was about his daughters. The artful woman told him, that yielding to their entreaties, she had consented to their visiting a few ladies in the neighbourhood ; that Miss Hamilton had deceived her.

her, and had clandestinely become acquainted with Mr. C : she then proceeded to mention scandalous circumstances, which she avouched were true, wishing, I suppose to blacken the young lady in the eyes of her father, that her evidence might not be received as a testimony against herself; she likewise threw out certain hints, which inflamed Mr. Hamilton almost to madness.

“ Miss Hamilton’s maid overheard and reported this immediately to her Mistress. That poor young lady was terrified to death. In her connexion with Mr. C. she had known nothing criminal; her innocent heart had loved him, and she had been happy in discovering that love returned; and the young man, as it appeared, with a heart equally innocent, had interchanged vows of love and constancy with her.

“ All her apprehensions were realized. Her furious father entered the room where she was sitting, and ordering her sister to leave it, poured forth a torrent of rage and abuse : the poor child only knelt and wept; this increased his passion, it looked like guilt:

he

he flew towards her, and with unparental, unmanly violence, felled her to the ground; then starting back, 'Rise, wretch,' said he, 'and go to your chamber; go, and never let me see your face again! — I hate you! — I abhor you!'

"Poor Miss Hamilton, however, was by no means able to obey his command; she could not rise. Observing this, he snatched her furiously in his arms, carried her up to her room, threw her with cruel force upon the bed, then double locked the door, and left her. Fortunately in his rage he forgot to take the key, and her sister and maid soon came to her assistance. She was not materially hurt, but so dreadfully terrified, that she declared she should die if she ever met her father again, for she was sure he meant to kill her: she then, after a little deliberation, proposed a scheme, the most romantic and imprudent that can be conceived: this was to leave her father's house, to assume another name, and to get into service. This idea, wild as it was, was warmly seconded by her sister and maid, two inexperienced

experienced girls, who applauded it as not only prudent and proper, but as heroic and noble, and confessed that nothing but fear could prevent their accompanying her. Her own good sense, however, soon prompted her to change, although not to give up the scheme: To enter into service, a little reflection convinced her was impossible; but yet for leaving her father's house she thought there was no remedy.

“In this difficulty she applied to a person who had known her in her childhood, who had seen better days, (Mrs. Woodburne sighed) but who was now reduced to keep a lodging-house in Piccadilly: she merely mentioned that she wanted a lodging, and would explain more when she came. I scarce need tell you, Sir, that I am the person to whom she applied; I, of course answered, that I should be extremely happy to see her, and would, as she requested, be ready to receive her at the White Horse Cellar. I must own to you, that I was lost in astonishment that so young a lady should require lodgings alone; that she should require any, whose

whose father had an elegant house in town; but, most of all was I amazed, that she should come unattended, and in a stage coach. When, however, she explained the affair, I ventured to blame her for this very imprudent step; yet could I not persuade her to return, since I too certainly knew her implacable father would never receive her again.

“She had easily effected her escape: she bribed to her interest a young man in the family, who instructed her in every thing proper to be done, and took a place for her in the stage coach, as the most secret and certain conveyance. When she first came to me, although I wished to consider her merely as a guest, she insisted on my being paid for my lodging; but the small stock of money she had been able to bring away with her, was soon exhausted: this, with many tears, she at length confessed to me. I entreated her not to think of it—that I loved her as my daughter, and as long as she was estranged from her father, should always consider her as such: but she was unwilling to depend upon me for support, mentioned her wish
and

and intention of offering herself as companion to some single lady. I opposed this idea, chiefly from the difficulty which must attend its execution, as I had no connection which could introduce her to such a situation; unfortunately, however, I happened to mention advertising, merely to represent its imprudence; she immediately caught at it. 'My dear Mrs. Woodburne,' said she, 'I must not be a burthen on your benevolence; I must, indeed I must get a situation: I would apply to Lady ——, who was very kind to me, but I am afraid of being delivered up to my terrible father, she lives so near him; and as you have hinted that advertising is the only method, I hope your objections are not wholly insurmountable, as I have no other path.'

"I vehemently opposed it; and she seemed convinced by my arguments: but being obliged to go to my brother in the country, who was very ill, how was I surprised to find, upon my return, that Miss Hamilton had left my house! I found, upon inquiry of the maid, that she had actually
put

put an advertisement in the paper, and that in consequence, two ladies had called during my absence; very strange behaved people! the girl said, but that Miss Hamilton had immediately gone away with them.

“My anxiety and alarm ever since have been very great, as I have not heard from her till now; and you may suppose, Sir, that this night’s adventure is not calculated to cause either to subside: one declaration of her’s, however, prevents my being wholly miserable on her account; but, by what I can understand of the affair, it is to your truly noble conduct she must owe every day of happiness she may yet have to enjoy.”

“Every one of mine,” said Frederic, “will be brightened by the recollection; and I thank you, Madam, sincerely, for the trouble you have taken, which has interested me not a little in the fate of this amiable young lady. One thing surprises me; has not Mr. C seen her since she has been with you?”

“Fortunately her change of name and residence has, as yet, concealed her.”

“Fortu-

"Fortunately, Madam?"

"Certainly! — Mr. C may be (indeed I have little reason to doubt that he is) a man of honour; but it would be of very little advantage to the reputation of Miss Hamilton to receive, in this place, the visits of a man, professedly a lover, and of whom her father disapproves; how readily would it be said, that she had fled with her lover, and was kept in private lodgings."

Frederic assented, although he understood little of what was implied.

"The young lady's circumstances," said he, "must be very distressing: What will become of her? Who can provide for her?"

"While she remains with me, Sir, she will want nothing that I can bestow."

Frederic paused: his generosity had always prevented his being rich; yet, as his allowance was very handsome, he had, after parting with the notes, given him by Mrs. Montague, a sum equal to it remaining: his first intention was to give it all to Miss Hamilton; but in that case he must apply again to Mrs. Montague, an idea which his heart revolted against;

against ; or disgrace himself and his family by his appearance : twenty pounds, however, he judged would be quite sufficient for his present expences, and the remaining thirty would be an assistance to the unfortunate Miss Hamilton, until it should be in his power to be of farther service to her ; but a yet greater difficulty occurred : How was he to offer it without wounding her delicacy ? In doing a generous action, he had never felt so awkward before.

“Madam,” said he, hesitatingly taking out his pocket book, “if I might presume, if I might hope to be forgiven, to offer a small assistance —”

“Your appearance, Sir,” said Mrs. Woodburne, “is honorable, your actions bespeak confidence ; but this is so unlike, so extraordinary.”

“Alas ! Madam,” said Frederic, “my power is not equal to my will ; I am but an orphan ; but this trifle, if you could make Miss Hamilton suppose it came from her sister, or —”

“Generous young man !” said Mrs. Woodburne,

burne, "yes, I will give it her in such a manner as shall not wound her delicacy; I know it will make her happy, since the generous pride of her heart will no longer be wounded by dependance."

"Then you will make me happy indeed; and if you will please, Madam, to acquaint me with what Miss Hamilton owes you for lodging, I will discharge it as if it came from the same source."

"No, Sir," said Mrs. Woodburne, "you must not, while you are exalting yourself by doing a noble action, think to degrade me, by causing me to submit to a mean one; for the sake of Miss Hamilton's delicacy she shall suppose I am paid, but you must excuse my receiving that payment from you."

Frederic grieved to find he had wounded the worthy woman's pride, but was silent, knowing that apology was but increasing the wrong; of course he did not repeat his offer.

These affairs being adjusted, Frederic began to recollect the time; upon consulting his watch, he was much alarmed at the lateness of the hour: rising hastily, he apologised

to Mrs. Woodburne for intruding so long upon her time, and took his leave.

But now he was in a terrible labyrinth:—Cavendish-Square he knew was his place of destination, but how to find it he was utterly at a loss. For a long time he wandered up and down, sometimes receiving direction from the watchmen, but these so confused, and in the night every street so much resembled the other, they merely served to bewilder him. The dawn began to steal upon him, and he was almost wearied out, when, to his great joy, he read the name of the Square upon a corner, but then the house of Mr. Dalby was to be found; fortunately he recollected the number, and at length, after looking at that on every door, he reached the one he sought. The door was opened by his own servant.

“Mr. George Dalby has set up for you, Sir,” said he.

“Indeed,” cried Frederic, “I am very sorry for it; where is he then?”

Daniel conducted him to the drawing-room—George met him with an air of mingled concern and anger.

"I am very sorry you have taken this trouble Dalby," said Frederic.

"I am yet more sorry for the occasion of it," answered George.

"I cannot say that, for I would not have lost the pleasure of this night's adventure for the universe."

Frederic then related the whole affair ; "And I hope," said he, as he concluded, "this will plead my excuse with Mr. and Mrs. Dalby."

"Your excuse will be easily admitted on any grounds ; but I am afraid if they give you any credit, it will be for your invention."

"What do you mean by that?" said Frederic, colouring, "Do you not believe me?"

"I believe you, Montague ; but I fear that will be the case with nobody else."

"And why so?"

"Because, in the first place, few people in your situation would have acted as you have done!"

"Do you think I did wrong then?"

"You cannot suppose I do ; but few people are generous and disinterested : and,

in the next place, appearances were so much against you."

"Appearances! what do you mean?"

"You must be conscious that the affair had a very odd look at first."

"Indeed I am conscious of no such thing: what was there odd in assisting an unhappy woman?"

George smiled at his friend's ignorance and simplicity. "Well, Montague," said he, "you must content yourself without the character of virtue, for I assure you that is gone effectually."

"Indeed that is a great misfortune."

"Not in the least; every body will love you the better for it: nothing is so much despised in the gay world as a man of continence; to be a little gay, as it is termed, is absolutely necessary, unless you would be shunned by the men, and despised by the women; therefore you are fortunate; you will be esteemed as a libertine, without ruining your health to become one."

This discourse was highly mysterious to Frederic, whose mind was almost as little

acquainted with vice, as his person was inured to it; and he earnestly entreated an explanation; in the course of which he felt surprise and disgust, accompanied with that peculiar kind of horror which the ingenuous unsuspecting heart feels when first it discovers the enormous wickedness of the world. He shuddered at the odious ideas which arose in his mind.

“Is this possible?” exclaimed he; “is human depravity at such a height?”

“I have given you merely the outline of fashionable manners; to be more minute would be a task too disgusting for me to tell, or you to hear.”

“And do all you men follow those wretches you describe?”

“All that I know.”

“And you too Dalby?—Are you so low, so degraded?”

“That is a strange question, Montague, and if we were in company would subject you to much ridicule.”

“But we are not in company.”

“If we were I should blush not to answer

in the affirmative ; but we are now alone, and such is the difference, that it is with heart-felt satisfaction I can answer in the negative. I never yet could love and loathe the same object ; yet I do not pretend to higher moral rectitude than they, but merely to nicer feelings."

"But can men see themselves hurrying on to misery," said Frederic, "both in this world and the other, and make no effort to release themselves?"

"Certainly they cannot ; but a man entangled in vice, is like a fly caught in the spider's web, the more he struggles to be free, the more he is involved ; for every successful effort makes the power of resistance weaker."

"That is a melancholy thought, and such an idea generally received, would prevent any attempt at repentance, which we are taught is never impossible. But this is a disagreeable subject ; very much so ; let us quit it ; as you understand these things so much better than I, advise me,—shall I call upon Miss Hamilton to-day?"

"Not if you value her reputation or your own."

"But then I shall never hear her last night's adventure fully explained."

"And that gratification I would give up, for her sake, as well as for the sake of her good opinion; for, pardon me if I say, that your calling upon her would have the appearance of something more than curiosity."

"Well, Dalby," said Frederic, "I believe I must follow your advice."

They then retired to their apartments.

CHAP. II.

FREDERIC did not arise until a late hour, and then recollecting the hints which George had thrown out, he felt very unwilling to go down, expecting reproach and ridicule, and dreading to be affronted by not gaining belief.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalby and their son were assembled when he made his appearance in the breakfast-room. Dalby was looking over

the paper, and his lady, not with the most gracious countenance possible, was making tea; they both paid their compliments to him, but with different expression: Dalby, with insulting irony, his lady with a degree of stiffness.

"I hope you rested well, last night, Mr. Montague," said Dalby.

"Perfectly so, Sir."

"You like the Theatre?"

"Very much."

"Pity you was so unfortunate as to lose your way, Sir," said Mrs. Dalby, with a toss of the head.

"I was very unfortunate, Madam."

"Very unfortunate indeed, Sir; people are apt to be misled."

"Yes, Madam; some in their paths, others in their conjectures."

"Young people certainly want direction."

"Which they generally receive; sometimes right and sometimes wrong."

"Come, come, Mr. Montague," said Dalby, laughing, "without all this cross purposing between you and my wife, I suppose you have been, like the rest, worshipping Mrs. ——'s god of nature."

"You must explain yourself, Sir," said Frederic, reddening, "before I can give you an answer."

"Pshaw! ridiculous!—You forget you are not at B—, with your good aunt, Miss Margaret. I think you have begun with great spirit, for my part; you have lost no time!"

"William," said Mrs. Dalby, "I desire you don't talk ridiculous; I am sure I should be sorry, quite grieved, if Mr. Montague did not consider himself quite at home, and do as he pleases: I am sure, Sir, I'd wish you to do as you please. I hope you think so, Sir: But really I must say, it was something odd, not to come home to supper, especially when we had company."

"I am extremely sorry for my rudeness, Madam," said Frederic, "and hope you do not suppose it possible that I could have been so grossly guilty, unless the occasion had been unavoidable; and if you will have patience to hear me, I will give you an account of last night's strange adventure."

Frederic then related the affair, slightly touching upon Miss Hamilton's history.

“Well, George,” said Dalby, “your friend tells the same story which you told for him; and really I must congratulate you, Mr. Montague, upon your discretion, prudence, and wit: this is a very good story for the good folks at B——. I assure you I am very much pleased; I know very well what it is to be young; I have assisted distressed damsels before now.”

Frederic did not much like the manner of this speech, but he did not think proper to give it an answer. After a few observations from Mrs. Dalby, consisting of broken sentences, “Young people—all very well—other people’s houses—this might do—no thing to her—begged he’d make free, &c.” the above conversation dropped; much to the satisfaction of George, who sat silent, vexed, and ashamed as well as angry at the contemptuous manner in which his own relation of Frederic’s affair had been received. The following days were spent in uninteresting amusements; and on Sunday, much to the satisfaction of Frederic, the family set out for Brighton.

George

George had gradually recovered his original cheerfulness; and his true character began to display itself to Frederic: Of judgment naturally strong, with discernment the most penetrating, yet easy, open, and always conformable to the wishes of others, he followed equally their lead, whether it conducted him to what he approved, or what he condemned; of too little firmness to avoid, yet of too much principle to enjoy, the paths of vice; he repented ere he had done the wrong; yet, when he grieved for its commission, could not resolve to resist the next enticement; and virtue, which always had his good wishes, too often failed of receiving any thing beside; his natural spirits, however, kept him from being unhappy; he seldom reflected long upon the past, and as he always intended to do right, he looked forward with pleasure; intending every deviation from virtue to be the last, and every day promising himself that the next should begin his reformation:—His errors indeed had never been gross, had never exceeded those which constant pardon has encouraged in youth; but,

c 6

such

such as they were, his judgment condemned and his heart reproached him for. This want of firmness was his only fault: sincere without moroseness, open, honest, ingenuous, and affectionate, with all the learning of a scholar, united to all the elegance of a gentleman; spirited without haughtiness, handsome without vanity, George was every where esteemed and beloved.

Frederic saw and admired his good qualities, and felt that his company was the only circumstance which rendered the journey tolerable; and whatever might be his actions, his sentiments and principles were as pure as his own.

Frederic surveyed the melancholy wilds of Sussex with disgust, and drew many disadvantageous comparisons between them and the rich fields of Essex. George, however, informed him, that he could not fail of being delighted with the Downs, which were superior in beauty to any thing he had ever seen; enlarging upon their verdure, their prospects, and their lofty situation.

It was late in the evening when the travellers

vellers arrived at Brighton, fatigued with the long dreary way ; for Mrs. Dalby positively insisted upon not sleeping on the road. Early in the morning Frederic arose to survey the place. The sea first attracted his attention, an object which he had never seen before, and which now filled him with admiration and delight, but which alone did not disappoint him in the ideas he had formed. The pavilion, of which he had heard so many descriptions, was inferior both in size and elegance to his expectation ; but when he discovered that instead of stone it was built of white bricks, he considered it not only as inelegant, but mean. Little, however, as this sight pleased him, it was by far the most agreeable he had met in Brighton ; and he was amazed how a town so far from every thing pleasant could have attracted so much company.

George, somewhat surprised at his dissatisfaction, proposed a ride on the downs ; to this Frederic cheerfully assented, as he had been much struck by the praise his friend had bestowed upon them. They now left the town
and

and turning to the right, began to ascend a steep hill : Frederic looked about him with much earnestness, expecting every moment they were to arrive at the beautiful region described ; when, having reached a summit, George turned round,

“ Is not this delightful ? ” said he.

“ What ? ” inquired Frederic, looking round him.

“ Why, did you ever see so fine a prospect as this ? ”

“ Yes, indeed, much finer ! ”

“ Finer !—From whence ? ”

“ From a hill in Effex. ”

“ Effex,” repeated George, laughing, “ why there is not such a hill as this in the whole County ! ”

“ No indeed there is not, but still there is a much finer prospect ; what is there delightful here ? The dirty town of Brighton before us, the wide uninteresting sea to the left, and to the right not an object worthy of attention. ”

“ Well, but this view over the Downs ? ”

“ Is the picture of horror, desolation and despair :

despair: upon my word, Dalby, Ashdown forest is a paradise to this; and this melancholy looking place, which appears to be a race-ground, encircling a valley of barrenness."

"I see, Montague, you will not like the Downs; we will ride then between the rich corn-fields, which line the Lewes road; there at least you will see no symptoms of desolation and barrenness."

They descended the hill, and George, pointing to the sides of the road, desired Frederic to remark the high cultivation of the land."

"It does indeed put me in mind of the golden age," said Frederic, "every thing seems in common, no restraints upon nature; cattle are permitted to trample, and poppies to choak the corn, seemingly without controul."

"Well, Montague, every body but you admires this country very much, and nobody but yourself speaks favorably of Essex."

"I cannot help it; I came unprejudiced unless in its favor; and yet never was I so much disappointed as in the beauties of Sussex."

They returned to breakfast : Mrs. Dalby, upon hearing Frederick's dissatisfaction, wondered at his want of taste, declaring that she thought Brighton one of the most charming places in the world. After breakfast, Lady Sarah Valmont and Lady Anne Delaval were announced. Lady Sarah was a widow of about forty ; her dress, lavish of ornament, displayed all the prismatic colours, among which red was predominant ; seemingly in contrast to her face, which was of the colour and figure of the full moon ; yet expressed more good humour than sense, and more conceit than either.

Lady Anne was very young ; handsome, affected, and dressed in an elegant dishabille ; her Ladyship was rather the figure of Thaletis than of Venus, and her complexion needed little of the aid of rouge ; nevertheless she was languid, and moved as if walking was an intolerable fatigue.

"Oh ! my dear Mrs. Dalby, said Lady Sarah, as soon as the first compliments had passed, "I am so glad to see you ; and you, my good Sir, we have lost you so long."

"And

“And what is the state of politics in the republic of letters, Lady Sarah?” said Dalby, “I must inquire of that as the nearest concern.”

“Oh! shocking! absolutely petrifying! We have not had a tolerable thing come out this year; I am absolutely weary of looking at a review; no delicious repast of poetry; I assure you I suffer an absolute mental famine.”

“That is a melancholy thing indeed; I am no judge of these things, but I thought that the press was in constant employ; and, if so, it is hard that your Ladyship should always be disappointed.”

“Not quite always, that would be cruel indeed; there have been some tolerable things against the Trinity—about the French revolution—and indeed some poetry, which may be considered as passable—but—but—nothing else.”

“Your Ladyship, perhaps, never condescends to read novels?” said Frederic.

“Yes, sometimes; but since the days of Richardson scarce a tolerable novel has come out.”

“Your

"Your Ladyship, I presume, has not read the *Evelina* and *Cecilia* of Miss Burney; the *Emmeline* and *Ethelinde* of Mrs. Smith; nor the new novel of Mrs. Radcliffe, I mean the *Romance of the Forest*?"

"Why really, Sir, as to those you mentioned first, if I were to read a few pages in either, I dare say I should recollect them; but the last I read the other day; it is a pretty thing enough."

"If your Ladyship is so partial to poetry, I am surprised that of Mrs. Smith has not impressed itself on your mind: you must, I think, admire the elegant little pieces interspersed in her novels!"

"O yes, I believe I recollect they are very pretty."

"And does not your Ladyship think they deserve a higher epithet than pretty?"

"I really don't know, but I'll look them over again:—but you were speaking of the *Romance of the Forest*."

"I was, Madam; and really I think, for fancy, style, sentiment, description, and narrative, I have not met its superior; it has but one fault—its shortness."

"Well, I agree it is very interesting; yes, certainly a pretty tale."

"I hope I may never meet with such another!" said George.

"Indeed! and why so?"

"It made me melancholy a week: I did not think it had been in the power of a book to affect me so much."

"Why really, George," said Dalby, "I did not think you had been such a fool."

"It was foolish certainly," said George, "but I cannot conceive why these novelists delight thus to harrow up the soul."

"If," said Frederic, "none but the virtuous and the feeling were to peruse their works, they might indeed be condemned for wounding sensibility; but affecting descriptions of real sufferings, though fancifully appropriated, cannot fail of being advantageous to the unfeeling and the dissipated, by kindling tenderness, and awakening reflection."

"I am afraid, Montague, that those who feel not for real distress, will not be affected by a fiction."

"And yet I have heard that experience
proves

proves the contrary: it is a bold assertion, but I really believe much of the humanity and benevolence which characterizes the present day has arisen from the perusal of those humble and despised productions, the modern novels; since nothing has so much conduced to soften the heart, and awaken the affections."

"Come, come," said Dalby, "you Literati should really discuss these matters by yourselves; I have not had a single opportunity of conversing with Lady Anne, and inquiring after my friend, her brother."

Her Ladyship, during the conversation, had thrown herself on a sofa, and practised every various attitude of langour, until she was become really fatigued; looking feebly up, when Dalby addressed her.

"Who, Conrade?" said she, "Oh! shocking creature, he is grown more hideous than ever—I cannot bear him. Pray, Mr. Dalby, did you see Lionel when you was in town?"

"His Lordship favored us with a morning call."

"Oh! he did!—Lady Sarah, pray what is it o'clock?"

Both ladies arose, declaring they had outstayed their time, and took their leave.

"And what think you of Lady Sarah?" said George, as soon as they were gone.

"I must own I was rather disappointed in her," answered Frederic; "I thought we were engaged upon her favorite topic, and how silent she was!"

"Certainly; you affronted her by mentioning novels, because she piques herself upon being acquainted with the first literary productions of the age, and particularly she doats upon the muses; now to such an exalted genius as this you must suppose what an affront it must be to enter upon so mean a discussion as the merit of a modern novel!"

"I am afraid," said Frederic, "I should little admire the taste, and much despise the affectation of any one who should denominate the Romance of the Forest a mean production."

"Well, Mr. Montague," said Mr. Dalby, "leaving the old woman, I would ask your opinion of that slight delicate fair one, Lady Anne?"

"Her

“ Her Ladyship puts me in mind of the case of the bulk of the common people, unconscious of her own strength.”

“ Oh ! you must allow for her ;” said George, “ she is but lately come from a boarding-school, and two characters lie before her, each soliciting her choice ; that of a hoyden and a fine lady ; equally proper for a lady of fashion ; and she is now actually vibrating between both : this happens to be a languid morning ! It is a pity some kind friend cannot advise her to give up the delicate scheme altogether, and pursue the bent of nature.”

George then proposed a walk along the shore, to which Frederic agreed ; and for an hour they enjoyed the fresh breezes of the sea, the only object which suited the taste of Frederic : they then sauntered to Crawford’s Circulating Library, where they again met Lady Sarah Valmont. Frederic was now determined to gain her favor, by a more judicious choice of subject : he selected a volume of Ossian’s Poems, and approached her. Her Ladyship was reading Ariosto, in the Italian, but raised her eyes as he advanced.

"I beg your Ladyship's pardon," said he, "but I was anxious for your opinion upon this work, as I have long endeavoured in vain to fix my own with regard to it—the Poems of Ossian."

Lady Sarah smiled benignantly. "The merits of Ossian," said her Ladyship,

"Whom English infidels Macpherson call,"* has long since been appreciated; it is well known to be a spurious production; at least such was the opinion of Doctor Johnson."

"I cannot, however, allow," said Frederic, "that that circumstance can have any thing to do with its merit as a performance, whether its author's name was Ossian or Macpherson, whether it was written in this century, or a former one, is of little consequence; we must allow it separate merit: the thoughts, although seemingly wild, are certainly what occur to every feeling mind in such situations as the Poet describes; it is often truly pathetic, elegantly descriptive, and its images are, in general, nobly conceived, and happily expressed; if I dared, I would even say, its style is frequently sublime; its repetitions and
cumbrous

* CHURCHILL.

cumbrous epithets, however, must be placed in the opposite scale, and certainly in great measure counterbalance its merits."

"Well, Sir, I must confess my opinion of it is not so high: I have never had courage I own to peruse the whole; my imagination was quite led astray in the blue mists. This, indeed," continued she, pointing to the book before her, "exceeds all praise! the Orlando of the divine Ariosto: — You read Italian, Sir?"

"I do, Madam, but I am sorry to differ from you a little with regard to the merit of the Orlando Furioso, a work which I have never read without regret, that such talents should be thrown away upon so mean a subject, that the genius of an Ariosto should be employed in describing the fantastic adventures of chivalry, whose disgusting impossibilities have rendered them the just objects of contempt; and the different stories, broken and disjointed, remind us of a collection of embroidery-filks entangled together, where time and patience is lost in finding the different ends; you become interested for one set
of

of characters, on a sudden you lose them; again you lose the fresh ones; and, by the time, you meet your old friends again, you have quite forgotten them and their concerns."

"True," said Lady Sarah; "but have you seen Mr. Hoole's translation?"

"I have not."

"I mention it, because there the defect is in some measure remedied by references to the continuation of the stories, by which means you may read each tale separately. But, leaving the discussion of merits which have long since been appreciated, and which have stood the test of time let us seek more modern authors. What do you think of the elegant * * * *?"

Frederic smiled. "I think," said he, "that if Mrs. — had possessed rather more judgment, rather less fancy, and been without affectation, she might have been a Poet."

"Might have been!" exclaimed Lady Sarah, "Gracious heaven! Mr. Montague, you are not such a Goth, I hope, as not to admire the poems of Mrs. * * * *?"

"I admire them," said Frederic, "they astonish, they amaze and confound me, since they often soar beyond the reach of my understanding."

Lady Sarah cast up her eyes, and George, who had been all this time conversing with an acquaintance, at this juncture came and presented him to Frederic, by the name of Mansfield. He was tall and ill made, dark and fallow complexioned, except where pimples gave a disgusting redness, and his address was, at the same time, rough and affected.

"Well, Lady Sarah," said George, "I suppose my friend and you have been engaged deeply in literary matters."

"Oh! Mr. Dalby," said her Ladyship, "your friend has committed a most egregious solecism in taste, he has (could you believe it?) he has been depreciating the poems of Mrs. * * * *."

"Oh! shocking, barbarous; but yet I assure you Montague has taste—a great deal—he is particularly partial to detached pieces, especially unpublished originals, and he sees more clearly into their merits by inspecting them

them the closer; for who would be at the trouble of inspecting what is common to every body?"

"I am entirely of Mr. Montague's opinion," said Lady Sarah; I doat upon originals."

In vain did Frederic look at George with distress and supplication; he continued his encomiums upon originals, and enlarged upon Frederic's taste for them, until Lady Sarah mentioned her collection, and insisted upon favouring Frederic with a sight of them!

"Your Ladyship is very obliging," said he, "and I doubt not but a collection which has yourself for its patron must have every merit; but my friend has ascribed a piece of affectation to me, of which I am by no means conscious,—an exclusive partiality for unpublished originals; nor can I conceive it possible any person can be so absurd as to be pleased with nonsense merely because it has had the good fortune never to be published. Of all poetry of any description, my opinion agrees with that of Horace, that if it reaches

not the highest degree of excellence, it sinks to the lowest of meanness: for, as he justly observes, 'middling poetry is insufferable every where.'

"And so you would destroy all the unhappy poetasters?" said George.

"Certainly; and send their works, as the same author expresses it, to wrap up pepper, butter and candles."

Frederic, however, was obliged to consent to pass a literary morning, as she expressed it, with Lady Sarah; they then took leave, and the three young men walked on.

"Mansfield," said George, "has asked me to meet a few friends of ours at his lodgings to-night; if you have no engagement, Montague, will you accompany me?"

"We shall be happy to see you, Sir," said Mansfield.

Frederic readily assented, and after a day of wearisome idleness, and vain search after amusements, they fulfilled their engagement.

A number of young men were now introduced to Frederic, who after noticing him slightly, cordially shook hands with George, and

and declared that he was just come to Brighton in time. Frederic finding himself very little welcome, and much out of his element, regarded the group with very little pleasure; but observing the gay looks of the party, and their seeming friendship for each other, he began to regret the seclusion he had lived in, which, by occasioning his being so little known, had prevented his forming any friendship.

His attention, however, was soon caught by another object. A young man sat by himself silent and seemingly inattentive to all that passed; he had thrown one arm over the back of the chair, and leant his forehead on his hand. Much surprised by this appearance of sorrow, Frederic approached, trying to recollect the stranger's name in the multitude he had heard recited: as he drew near, the young man raised his head, and discovered a face wan and haggard, which had once been handsome, but now was, like a portrait long since drawn in crayons, faded away: His dark eyes had an expression of resigned misery; yet an air of goodness shone through, and seemed to promise

mise that kindness to others which compassion should bestow on himself: his person was tall but slight and elegant. Frederic had scarce observed him, when George hastily coming towards them, clapped the stranger on the shoulder,

"Hah! Delaval," said he, "I am glad to see you once more."

"Dalby," said the young man, holding out his hand and smiling, "it is long indeed since we met; you are all well I hope?"

"We are; but give me leave to introduce to you a new friend of mine, Mr. Montague."

"I shall be happy in Mr. Montague's acquaintance."

"I think you will; for, without compliment to either of you, you are exceedingly like each other."

"I hope not," said Delaval, with a deep sigh.

The rest of the party joined them. "Oh! George," said one of them, "I had the greatest plague in the world to get that fellow here to-night; he's ten times worse since he left

left *alma-mater*; I caught him reading, and, as you see, half moped to death, and I took the trouble to persuade him that a little of Mansfield's Champaigne would not be amiss."

"Well, Villars," said another, "you have been a quiz in your time; you have not forgotten your sober scheme at college?"

"Oh! washed it in Lethe: I have learned better things, and I intend to bring Delaval over to my party."

At supper many things were said, which either were witty or seemed so, as a continual laughter followed them; and many histories, anecdotes, and encounters, were related on all sides. Delaval, who sat next to Frederic, for a long time continued silent, and absorbed in thought; but now the bright Champaigne began to circulate, customary toasts being drank, Mr. Mansfield arose.

"Now, gentlemen, each give a lady."

"Of what sort?" said Villars.

"Each give the lady of his heart I suppose," said another young man.

"Certainly," said Mansfield. "Gentlemen, I give Lady Anne Delaval."

This toast having passed, and two more, it came to the turn of George, and Frederic looked at him with laughing eagerness, which the other seemed not to observe; but, taking his glass, with warmth, "I give," said he, "the most charming of her sex, Miss Cecilia Montague."

Surprised, confounded, yet delighted, Frederic started up, and leaning behind Mr. Delaval, who sat next him, was about to express his wonder, when a reflection upon the indecorum of such a step occurred to him, and he desisted; but drank his cousin's health with uncommon satisfaction.

Delaval was the next called upon, for a lady.

"A lady?" said he, starting, "whom must I give? Then turning down his head, in a low voice, "my poor Caroline," said he.

"No, Delaval," said another young man opposite, "let us have no poor Carolines, if you please; no demireps.

"What do you mean, Sir?" demanded Delaval, with an angry glance.

"Sir Kenric," said Mansfield, "I must call

call you to order; Mr. Delaval is to give whom he pleases, and you must not comment on the toast. Delaval, the name if you please?"

"Yes," said Delaval fervently; "I give you Miss Caroline St. Leger."

With no less fervency and delight Frederic gave the name of his lovely Emma Nevil, and received fresh pleasure every time the name was repeated. And now, as their cheeks flushed with wine, Delaval gradually broke his silence, and forgot his melancholy: he turned to Frederic, with an altered countenance,

"Mr. Montague," said he, "I have never had the pleasure of meeting, or even hearing of you before; you are from the country, I presume?"

Frederic was somewhat startled by this abrupt address, and hurt by observing the burning cheek and wild eye of Delaval; he answered, however, by telling him his conjecture was right.

"You seem very young—you are happy."

"I am not unhappy."

"Perhaps not: Have you drank the toast? There is no pleasure but in wine, no comfort but in forgetfulness." He filled his glass; "Come," said he, "the pleasures of wine."

"A fine! a fine!" exclaimed Mansfield; "three bumpers to Delaval: the toast was Miss Eugenia Godfrey! Fill them, fill them, three bumpers."

"With all my heart," cried Delaval, madly seizing the bottle.

"Delaval, Deleval," cried George, with a look of concern, "what are you doing?"

"Doing right!" cried the other; "I must obey the president."

"Right certainly," cried Villars; "come, Delaval, you'll be one of us, I see, yet."

"One of you, aye certainly. Come, then, Miss Eugenia Godfrey, in three bumpers!"

Delaval drank them off, accompanied by the laughing and clapping of the young men; then turning to Frederic, with eyes that had lost their meaning, "Montague," said he, "I meant to say—aye, let us be friends; you will be a friend with me? Damon and Pythias, you have read of them? We will be such friends,

friends, because you said you were not happy; and there we are alike! And —”

“For God’s sake, Delaval,” said George, “don’t expose yourself so: What are you thinking of? Recollect yourself.”

Delaval laid his hand on his forehead; then turning again to Frederic, with knit brows, “Who was it you gave just now?” said he; “Should you like her to be a prostitute? to be——Good God! to be upon the town?—But, say, what would you think?”

“Mr. Delaval,” said Frederic, “I am grieved to hear you talk thus: I shall be proud of your friendship, but I must entreat you to reflect a moment on what you are saying.”

“Yes, yes,” said he fiercely, “a little more reflection, a little more wine, and I shall have my wish.”

“Your wish?” repeated Frederic.

“Yes, my only wish, which is denied me. Youth, health, and strength, which favor the wishes of others, are obstacles to me; I only wish to die.”

Frederic started: George bit his lips.

"Pray, Delaval," said he, "consider, for God's sake do not talk in this manner; it is horrible, and spoils all our mirth."

"Dalby," said he calmly, "I am sorry that I spoil your mirth; fare you well; and you, my friend, Mr. Montague, promise to call upon me to-morrow morning, when I shall talk better."

"Certainly I will," said Frederic. Delaval hastily withdrew.

"Do not trust him alone now," said Frederic, "after what he has said; either you or I, Dalby, will accompany him home."

"I will," said George, and in the same instant quitted the room.

This affair had thrown a gloom over every countenance, and counteracted the effect of the Champaigne.

"Why we are grown devilish dull," said Mansfield, filling his glass, "come, Mr. Montague, give us a sentiment."

Frederic obeyed.

"I cannot think," said Villars, "what is come to Delaval; he used to be as good a fellow as ever I knew."

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"I don't know how good he is," said Mansfield, "but I think he talks as damnable nonsensical as ever I heard a fellow: But, come, gentlemen, drink Mr. Montague's sentiment; and, Villars, give us one of your songs."

Mr. Villars complied, and gave a song; to which Frederic attended but little, the spirit of Champagne had already banished a great part of reflection; and his mind, had it been otherwise, would not have relished the composition, notwithstanding the mirth it excited in the rest of the company: when it was concluded,

"I think," said Sir Kenric, "we should call upon our new friend, Mr. Montague."

"By all means, by all means," said every one. Dr. Evans and his advice flew before the force of wine and intreaty, and Frederic with great alacrity sung the excellent song of Mr. Dibdin's, 'Poor Jack.' His voice, execution, and manner gave delight to the whole party, and when he had finished, he received a thundering applause. Again and again was he requested to favor them, and he had gone
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through three more songs of the same composer, when George returned.

"Oh! Dalby," cried all at once, "you have lost four of the best songs in the world, from your friend Montague."

"Perhaps" said George, "Montague will favor us once more, and then I shall not be altogether a loser."

"Well, well," said Mansfield, "sit down and take your glass."

George whispered Frederic, "When do you think of going?"

"Oh! not yet; you are not in haste?"

"I am not, but it is late, and I am rather dull."

"I will do as you please, I am ready to go directly."

"Sing the song first, and drink one more glass, then we will go; I wish to talk to you."

Frederic did as he desired, and then both arose.

"What are you going?" said Mansfield; "well, Dalby, Montague, will you meet us to-morrow night, at J——'s, we shall have a devilish good row?"

"At J——'s?" said George, "I don't know, I cannot promise."

"Oh! by all means; at J——'s by all means!" said Frederic. "Where is it," whispered he to George, who stared at him with much surprise.

"Well, Montague, if you wish it, I have no objection."

"Then we shall expect you," cried Mansfield, "and several others."

"Yes, certainly," said both the young men: they then took their leave."

"Well, Dalby," said Frederic, as he walked along, "and what have you to say to me?"

"In the first place," said George, "I must own you rather surprised me by your manner, what is the matter with you?"

"Only mad and merry, the natural consequence of devotion to Bacchus, you know my good cousin."

"Ah! I wish to God, I might ever hope for that title."

"You hope, and why not? Upon my honor, my dear George, I do not know any
body

body I would sooner choose than yourself for a husband to my little cousin."

"Ah! but Frederic, your uncle is very proud."

"And would be proud of the alliance certainly: but come, was this what you were going to talk about?"

"No, really, but you led to it: I was going to speak of Delaval; what think you of him?"

"Poor Delaval! he has plainly been disappointed in love, and that may very well account for his unhappiness. Did you notice in what a melancholy way he said his poor Caroline? and by some hints he gave afterwards, I guess her Ladyship is, according to the phrase, 'little better than she ought to be!'"

"I see, Montague," said George, rather gravely, "I have not consulted seasons in introducing this subject at the present time; we will defer its discussion, if you please, until you are neither mad nor merry."

"Pardon me, dear George, you know I seldom am either; but at present I had
rather

rather talk of our engagement ; pray where is J——'s?"

"It is of no consequence, we are engaged and must go now ; as to the place, it is—that is, I believe it is a kind of tavern."

They now reached the house, and the conversation ended.

In the morning Frederic recollected his engagement to call upon Mr. Delaval, and waited upon him accordingly alone, as George declined accompanying him, saying he would follow. Frederic, upon sending up his name, was immediately introduced. He found Delaval sitting in a dejected posture, with a book before him, which seemed but little to engage his attention : he arose.

"Ha! Mr. Montague," said he, "I am glad to see you ; this is very kind."

Frederic returned his compliments ; but Delaval looked down, blushed, and seemed much confused.

"My conduct last night," said he, "must have appeared so strange, I blush to think of it."

"Not before me I hope," said Frederic,
"sinc

"since my own conduct after you were gone was equally strange, and far more ridiculous. I really intend to quarrel with my new friend Bacchus."

"You are very obliging, Sir; but still this offers no excuse for my intruding my griefs upon the attention of a stranger."

"If by a stranger," said Frederic, "you mean one who is not interested in the sorrows of another, I must say your giving me that appellation is unjust; and no human being, I should suppose can exist, who would not relieve the distresses of any man, if it were in his power."

"But mine not being within the reach of relief, to mention it was absurd, as it was intrusive."

"I beg leave to differ from you, Sir; to tell our sorrows to the ear of sympathy is one of the greatest reliefs the wretched know. I am afraid you will think me too intrusive, but you have given me the title of friend! a title which I hope you will not withdraw; and as your friend I have, I think, a right to be acquainted with your sorrows."

"I

“ I wish not to withdraw the title, if you condescend to esteem it: I have known you but a short time, Mr. Montague, but the friend of George Dalby must merit that title; you think it worth while to solicit my confidence;—but some of my griefs, the deepest, I must conceal from every man; they must lie in my own heart; but my late inexcusable behaviour, as you are kind enough to interest yourself, I think I ought to explain. I was once happy as you, or my friend Dalby; but those days are gone! I have long since lost every thing that could afford me pleasure. I flew from men, and from society, but this was a vain and idle step; my temper was naturally social, and my misery was always fresh before my eyes; nothing appeared to divert my thoughts; I grew almost mad, and was on the point of committing a dreadful action. After this I feared to be alone; I sought company; but, alas! I found none were suited for me; I was of no class; proper to none; I was rejected of all, and seemed like a small island, in the vast ocean, disregarded, unknown, and desert:—those of my own rank
thought

thought not as I did, and I found I was either a restraint or a dead weight upon them. The brothel, the tavern, and the gaming house, had no charms for me : I despised them, I despised their pursuits, and I saw that they no less despised me. I had heard and read much of the simplicity, the honesty, and innocence of the lower ranks, I resolved to desert my rank, and cultivate inferior acquaintance. I retired to my country-house, and invited all descriptions within the verge of decency. I was received with great delight ; awkward rusticity appeared to me simple honesty, and the glow of gratitude and affection appeared upon every face, my mind partly forgot its sorrows ; I seemed the dispenser of happiness, and I imagined myself in Arcadia, among the innocent men of the golden age, where I was beloved and respected : — but, alas ! I soon discovered (what every one who cultivates the society of inferiors will find) that as the novelty of my rank wore off, so the pleasure with which I was received decreased ; I was soon despised for my familiarity, and insulted for my kindness ; many hints were
thrown

thrown out, of surprise that such a gentleman, ahonorable, should demean himself to keep company with farmers and low tradesmen; (I blush to own such were my associates) nor was this all, the wretches, not content with treating me as an equal, began to look down upon me as an inferior. I was either the peculiar mark of their gross merriment, or treated as a cypher, because I understood not their concerns. I endured this a long while; for, from their first behaviour I had conceived a friendship for some of them: at length I remonstrated. I received for answer, that they did not want my company, and that I had sought them, not they me, and that I had let myself down; and if I did not like their behaviour, I might soon get rid of them. I took them at their word, and returned to London, and to my family, who had endured an agony of shame during my debasement.

“ And now, Mr. Montague, as you have chose to honor me by giving me and receiving the title of friend, let me offer you a little advice, which experience has taught me:—

Never

Never associate familiarly with your inferiors; with their respect you lose their affection: they always despise those who are ready to undervalue themselves, and no man loves what he despises: to expect their friendship is an idle chimera; no friendship can exist except between equals in situation; and if you demonstrate any for them, they will triumph over your weakness, and ridicule your folly: be kind to them as fellow creatures; favors which proceed from benevolence they will receive with gratitude; those which come from friendship with contempt. Their roughness has every thing disgusting, but nothing that is valuable in honesty; their ignorance is not innocence; and if they have not in so high a degree the vices of luxury, they have all those of brutality. And even if none of these objections existed, their grossness of manners and conversation would render them intolerable to an elegant and polished mind. I need not fear your being offended at my speaking my opinion to you; but perhaps you may be surprised at my giving what may seem a caution upon such a subject, but I understood

understood from Dalby, last night, that you resided in the country, and almost all the works of fancy give quite a different description of the inferior orders: the seducing idea of being beloved by mankind in general, is every where held out, and, like an *ignis fatuus*, has bewildered and drawn many a young man into the disgraceful pools of low company, and its inseparable companion, low vice; of those especially who have seen little of the world, and who reside in solitude, this remark may be made."

"I am sorry, Sir," said Frederic, "you should think any apology, or even explanation necessary, I thank you much for your advice, and entirely concur with your remark."

Delaval proceeded. "Thus, as it were, cut off from every sort of amusement, my own bitter thoughts returned with additional severity. I seemed now to be connected with nothing upon earth: alone in the midst of the vast and busy world, desolate, forlorn, as it were a superfluous one; I owned no place, I had none to fill; I could amuse, I could be

of service to nobody; with nobody could I associate; on one side disgust and ridicule, on the other disgrace and ingratitude; affection no where — I have drawn on a miserable being; I have had recourse to wine, it only hurries me to madness, and drives the thorn of anguish yet deeper in my heart. I have survived all that I esteemed, I have lost all I loved; I must live without a companion and die without a friend. Ah! Mr. Montague, does it avail me any thing to recite such a tale as this? You may pity me, but it will be that painful melancholy pity which may hurt you, but to me can afford no relief—in this world I hope for none.”

Frederic sighed deeply. “Yet; Mr. Delaval, said he, “in one instance your fancy has outrun reality,—surely you have a friend, Mr. Dalby?”

Delaval smiled languidly and shook his head. “Dalby?” said he, “yes, we were friends once; but if ever you should be unhappy, Mr. Montague, you will know that the happy and the miserable sort not well together, although united by the band of affection :

tion: I wish well to Dalby with all my heart; sincerely, I know he wishes the same to me; but let us always be separate, I will not infect him with my sorrows: I will not be the canker to gnaw away the opening blossoms of his happiness: and, Mr. Montague, do not suppose I set a mean price upon your friendship, I should have once been happy in it, very happy: encourage the friendship of Dalby, he is truly estimable; fear not to trust him, he is faith itself; truth, constancy, feeling, and generosity, are his characteristics: but, for me, I must entreat you to see me no more! I thank you for your generous vain concern, but let us not meet again, I will be seen no more, I will go far from men; last night was the period of my being in company, I shall be so no more; alone, I will learn resignation, I will look forward to a distant future with hope, and I shall meet you both again where sorrow never comes."

Tears stood in the eyes of the unhappy Delaval, as he spoke. Frederic thunderstruck by such a renunciation, and affected

extremely by the faint smile which accompanied the last words, could not reply; when Dalby entered.

“Well, my friend,” said he, in a cheerful tone, “and how are you to-day? Hah! what’s the matter now? What, have you two melancholy things been talking each other quite out of conceit of every thing?”

“Your friend,” said Frederic, “has hurt me indeed. Oh! Mr. Delaval, I entreat you do not encourage these ideas, they will lead to distraction, not to resignation; fly not to solitude, suffer our society, it will increase, not impair our happiness, you will be far less miserable, if you do not recover entire serenity.”

The countenance of George changed to vexation and melancholy, while that of Delaval, by a violent effort, recovered composure.

“May I not at length know,” said George, “what has altered you thus, Delaval? Do you still desire my absence?”

“Why do you look reproachfully upon me, Dalby?” said Delaval; “if I could, if I
had

had a right to reveal to you my hopeless misfortune, doubt not but I would ;—as it is, excuse me ; and do not punish yourself by contemplating my misery.”

“Misery,” repeated Frederic, “why should the virtuous be miserable ? I always understood, that to be virtuous was to be happy.”

“It has been given as a rule,” said Delaval ; “but with reference to this world, it is a false one ; or, speaking more properly, to possess peace of mind, it is likewise necessary to be reasonable : by reasonable, I mean, to have conquered, annihilated, all the passions, especially the social and sexual affections, to feel for no external object, to centre our whole interest in ourself, to do right from principle alone, to look upon ingratitude, pain, and every toil, as a matter of course ; in short, if we would avoid suffering, we must give up our capacity of enjoyment, the heart must wither, and the soul must sink in apathy : this indeed is impossible, and peace of mind is wholly unattainable.”

Frederic sighed, and George cast his eyes to the ground.

“Why will you remain with me?” pursued Delaval, in a more vehement tone, “I already begin to infect you with my ideas; you will think as sadly as I do, without my cause:—Come, my good friends,” continued he, in a more cheerful tone, “take it not amiss, but I must entreat you to leave me at present, I will see you if you please another day.”

“It grieves me, Delaval,” said George, “but I cannot take it amiss, from my soul I pity you; I have known you too well to suppose any slight cause could have changed you thus; but you will, I hope, one day explain.”

Delaval shook his head. Frederic and George, after declaring their intention of calling on him the next day, took their leave. Frederic recapitulated the conversation; and both joined in deploring the severe yet hidden cause which had so deeply injured so noble and amiable a character.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

IN the evening Frederic mentioned the engagement at J——'s. George, after some hesitation consented to fulfil it.

The same party, with some addition, met them, and a splendid supper was prepared. Frederic was extremely pleased with the reception he met with from the young men, who, he perceived, now began to consider him as one of them; yet whenever his eyes met those of George he was surprised at the expression of uneasiness and anxiety with which he observed that he was regarded by him; and at other times he was much struck by the glances of cunning exultation, accompanied by ambiguous expressions, which passed among the rest of the young men; yet were his spirits high, and not a little raised by frequent pledges of Champagne.

The supper was removed, and the glass had begun to circulate, when Frederic observed Mansfield slyly wink to one of the waiters; the fellow grinned and disappeared. In a few moments the door flew open, and a troop of damsels entered all at once; the young men arose, and welcomed them; and the ladies advancing, seating themselves alternately around the table. Frederic looked almost aghast with surprise, and turned to Dalby, who was opposite to him, with the most eager inquiry: while George avoided his eyes, and seemed to redden with confusion; observing, however, that nobody shared his surprise, he concluded that these strange guests had been expected, and sat down quietly between his fair companions, one of which appeared beautiful; the wine circulated rapidly, laughter, noise, and confused parts of bacchanalian songs resounded on all sides, interspersed with discourse, which, at another time, would have filled Frederic with disgust, but now the wine had mounted to his head, and if reflection struggled for her rights, the mirth and pleasure of the moment silenced

silenced her voice, and taught him to consider her admonition as unseasonable. The character of his companions was now obvious, but this was not the moment of resolution, and he wished not to leave them. His fair companion smiled with fondness on him, he clasped his arms about her, and as he pressed her ruddy lip, the full returning pressure raised his heart to extacy; he trembled, his heart beat high, against his breast;—at this moment his eye glanced accidentally on his hand, a little circlet on his finger caught his attention, it was the braided hair of Emma, the innocent, the lovely Emma. A pang ran through his heart—he shuddered, he shrunk back—then starting up and kissing the little token, “Emma, my dear Emma!” he exclaimed, at the same time he quitted the infamous woman, and was leaving the room, when he recollected George, and the idea of the husband of Cecilia in such a situation, hurt him; he ran to him and whispered in his ear,

“Do you love Cecilia, Dalby?”

“Do I love her?” exclaimed George, who was much inflamed with wine, “as my soul, dearer than my life.”

"Then let me speak a word with you."

"A thousand if you please," said George, rising, and accompanying him to the other end of the room.

"Go with me home immediately," said Frederic.

"Go with you? What leave that lovely girl?—Impossible!"

"If you love her better than Cecilia, or your soul, since they are equally dear, then stay with her; but if you value either, come away with me."

"Are you in earnest? But what will they think of us if we go?"

"I know not, nor do I care; but well I know what Cecilia will think of you if you stay."

"Well, Montague, well, I will go."

Both quitted the room unnoticed by the rest of the company, who were too much intoxicated, and too much engaged, to observe them. George followed Frederic in silence for some time, but as they were crossing the Steine, he suddenly stopped.

"Montague,"

"Montague," said he, "this is very foolish, why did you make me leave the company?"

"I have given my reason."

"Which was a very absurd one: I love your cousin, and she is virtuous, but you could not, I think, have had the meanness to inform her of this night's adventure, although I must own some part of your late conduct has been very extraordinary."

"And pray, Sir, what part of my conduct are you disposed to blame?"

"Was it well done, Mr. Montague, to insist upon this engagement, when I opposed it? to fulfil it, and then to bring disgrace on yourself and me by deserting the company yourself had chosen?"

"Was it well done, Mr. Dalby, to suffer the ignorance of your friend to be imposed upon? To suffer him to enter a brothel, when the slightest intimation might have prevented him? Was this friendly? Was it manly?"

"Your present conduct is far more unmanly: what injury had there been if we had stayed? Every young man does the same; and

none would act like you: not content with making yourself ridiculous; by your mean threats, you must oblige me to become the same."

"Defy my threats then," answered Frederic, in a voice of indignation, "return to your base companions there; return to those lovely women: return I say, I do not detain you; in the morning, in a fitter place and manner, we will discuss the injury I have done you. From this moment we are no longer friends, go where your inclination leads, but remember I am as the brother of Cecilia Montague, and I will not see her dishonored by the addresses of a libertine."

"Why do you talk thus, Montague?" said George, "I love Cecilia, indeed I do, beyond any thing on earth; I would not dishonor her for the world; but if you had ever felt the keen edge of ridicule, if you could conceive the bitter sarcasms we shall incur, you would pardon my impatience, and the manner in which I have spoken."

"I have nothing to pardon, Sir," said Frederic coldly, "you injure not me, you are
your

your own master—I have only been deceived in your character and principles.”

“Not in my principles indeed, but —”

“Well, Sir,” interrupted Frederic impatiently, “you need not explain, and I cannot stop here any longer, I must therefore, if you please, wish you good night.”

“No, Montague, no;” said George, “you shall not go alone, I will go with you; for the dear Cecilia I will submit to any thing: pardon me what I have said, and never shall you have cause to reproach me again.”

“Then you are again my friend,” said Frederic, in an altered tone.

“But yet one thing remains, let us not return together,” said George; “while we associate with the men of the world, we must in appearance comply with their manners, and avoid their censure: you shall go home, and I will stroll about until it is day, and then I can, as an excuse, plead another engagement, and you can declare we returned not at the same time. I will not tell you all my reasons for wishing this, but it will save us from ridicule, which you will find intolerable.”

“What

“What a mean device! what a mean subterfuge!” exclaimed Frederic; “I know not, and I wish not to know all your reasons; but I comply on condition of your granting me one favor.”

“Certainly, any one.”

“That you will return home, and I will stroll by the sea-side.”

“I deserve your suspicion, and it humbles me indeed; yet, Oh! Montague, do not despise me—think of my situation, the manner of my education, and do not measure my rectitude by your own. I will do as you desire.”

They then separated; George returned home, and Frederic descended to the sea-shore. The tide had been a long time falling from the beach, and the wide sands glittered in the moon, the sea roared at a distance, and the lofty cliffs rising in gloomy magnificence behind, added to the melancholy appearance of the lonely shore; sadness stole upon Frederic as he walked along, his thoughts returned to B—, to L—, to his lovely Emma. “Ah!” thought he, “how many miles separate
rate

rate us now? but perhaps she still thinks of me, and wishes perhaps to see me once more: she is now in peaceful sleep, while I am walking alone along this dreary solitary shore. — Ah! if she were with me now, how sweet would it seem!” His thoughts then turned upon George. Misled by bad example, and submitting to the tyranny of ridicule from persons whose opinion he despised: but as he recollected his own danger, he could not blame, but pitied him, and trembled for himself: and this again led to hearty regret at his having consented to this journey, from which he had reaped so little satisfaction, and expected so much disadvantage. Upon these and similar subjects were his thoughts employed, and he wandered unconscious of the time until the dawn of morning warned him to return, but it was day before he reached the lodging, where he easily gained admittance, as his own man, Daniel, had sat up for him.

These incidents diminished not the friendship between Frederic and George: neither mentioned the affair, and the little uneasiness

which had arisen was soon forgotten, the manœuvre of returning at different times had the desired effect, and no one suspected their attachment to virtue. Many days passed, in which their only visits were to Delaval, whom they found every day more cheerful than the former. One morning, however, as they called upon him, they were much surprised to find him absent: upon interrogating a servant he had left behind, they learnt that he had left Brighton by break of day, and was gone to town: the man at the same time gave a letter to George, from him, it contained only the following words.

Eleven o'clock, August 23, 1792.

"Congratulate me, my good friends, Dalby and Montague, I have received a ray of hope when I least expected it, I fly to pursue the path it points to:—if I am happy you shall see me again shortly, if not, forget your unhappy, despairing, though always sincere friend,

CONRADE DELAVAL."

George

George and Frederic were delighted at this letter, and both heartily wished him success, although they wished he had been less laconic in his explanation. They were now deprived of an agreeable companion, yet the affair at J——'s had so much disgusted Frederic, that he refused mixing again in those gay sets. Many letters meanwhile he had received from B——, which were no farther interesting than that they acquainted him with the health of his family. Soon after the departure of Delaval, one from Cecilia took his attention particularly : it was as follows.

B——, August 24, 1792.

DEAR FREDERIC,

"In the midst of pleasure and gaiety I hope you have sometimes the goodness to think upon a poor solitary thing imprisoned, with pity: I assure you things grow worse and worse here, my father and my aunt have had a most dreadful quarrel, about the wars on the Continent; but that, you know, is of no consequence: the worst part of the story is, they have made it up, and are fonder I think

think than ever, and now both are turned upon poor me. You have no idea what aggravated crossness I undergo, all which I bear with the most smiling patience, and they are so brutal as to be more irritated against me for my forbearance. I have some thoughts of not putting up with it. My aunt flatters my poor father most amazingly, she has certainly some point to carry; what, I cannot imagine: but, whatever it is, she will succeed I am sure, for my father is kinder to her than to any body. I have convened Jenny upon this head, but the wench evidently knows more than she will tell, although I have scolded and promised her a great deal: however I do not much like what my own fancy suggests in consequence of a few words which passed between them the other day, your name was mentioned, upon which my aunt observed, that you were a very mysterious character, and had something very strange in your behaviour. 'Yes,' said my father, 'he takes after his father,—his father's own son,—a complete Osmond,—don't you think so, Margaret?' 'Certainly,' said my aunt, with
her

her hideous pursed-up mouth. They said no more ; but, since when, I was alone with my mother, the tears stood in her eyes. ‘ Poor Frederic ! ’ said she, ‘ I wish he had not gone ! ’ I asked her what she meant, but she would say no more. I do not like all this, but do not be uneasy, after all it may be only my imagination ; yet, what could she mean by poor Frederic ? Do not trust that fellow Daniel, he is a creature of my aunt’s, and very little beloved. Farewel, my dear Frederic, I fear you have enemies, but of one sincere friend be assured in

Your affectionate cousin,

CECILIA MONTAGUE.”

This letter made Frederic very uneasy : what Cecilia hinted appeared but too probable, and the heart of Miss Margaret, he knew, was formed to conceive malice the most bitter, while she possessed cunning the most profound to execute its dictates. Near six weeks more were to be passed at Brighton, such being the period of Mr. Dalby’s stay : in that time he must feel intolerable anxiety, yet to return

return would be of little avail. Unacquainted with the schemes of Margaret, even if he could penetrate into her designs, his presence would be of little use, his only resource was to await the event, with patience, and prepare himself for unkindness and restriction when he should return; indignity, however, he resolved not to submit to, and if his passion for Miss Nevil was the cause of the seeming dissatisfaction of his uncle, he resolved to defy his resentment, sooner than relinquish the only prospect of happiness which presented itself to him, since now he regarded her as his own, beyond the power of fortune to prevent.

In the amusements of the place Frederic continued to mix; since, although he detested the fashionable gaieties of his new acquaintance, he was fond of society, and to general parties there could be no objection; and now that his reflections were become much less agreeable than formerly, he was glad to forget the cause of his uneasiness.

Thus passed another month rapidly, because unmarked by any interesting event, when

when he received another letter from B—, and again recognised, in the direction, the hand of Cecilia: He broke it hastily open, it contained another letter, which he was about to unfold, when he observed some words on the envelope; they were as follows.

Sept. 21, 1792.

“DEAR FREDERIC,

“I send you the inclosed, without any comment: I found it on my aunt’s dressing-table; I observed the Brighton post mark, and had rather more curiosity than honor.— Oh! my dear Frederic, what will become of you?”

TO MISS MARGARET MONTAGUE.

Brighton, August 29, 1792.

HONORED MADAM,

“I have observed your orders in every thing, and believe you will be satisfied with my observations. Mr. Frederic goes on as you might expect. In my last I gave you an account of his sending his money to a woman he keeps in the country, and his staying
out

out all night, which offended 'Squire Dalby and his Lady not a little; but that was all nothing: since we have been here, he went first out to supper, and came home so as I can't name — Mr. George was obliged to lead him, and since (I ask your pardon for saying it) he has been to a downright brothel-house, Mother J——'s; how often I don't know, but Mr. George came home quite early, now Mr. Frederic did not come home till next morning broad day-light, I let him in, and he looked so jaded and so terribly, I thought he was ill. Oh! dear, Madam, these are sad doings; and I could tell you more, but it is not fitting to make the worst of it, but certainly Mr. Frederic has not the fear of God before his eyes, as Mr. Macleod says. So, Madam, begging pardon for intruding so long upon your time, I conclude, your dutiful servant to command,

DANIEL JOHNSON.

Surprise, indignation, and contempt, almost prevented Frederic from finishing the perusal of this curious epistle: that a domestic

tic should be set a spy upon his actions, and, as was evident, encouraged to misrepresent them, was as mean as insulting; but when he reflected on the nature of the charge, his consciousness of innocence made him perfectly easy with regard to their effect on his uncle, as he doubted not his ability to convince him of the truth of the circumstances as soon as they should meet, if this letter had been shewn him; and he by no means participated in the apprehensions of Cecilia. He was, however, evidently much discomposed when George came and requested his company for a ride; this did not pass unnoticed. George seeing a letter in his hand, asked if he had received any bad news.

“Yes,” answered Frederic, “I have found reason to suppose those my enemies who ought to be my friends.”

George stared. “How so?”

“I have discovered a base plot, which ought to have been discouraged by those who abetted it.”

George changed colour. “Have you discovered it, Montague? But say you will forgive the false friend.”

"I can forgive, but I must despise!"

"That is too much; you must not despise me."

"You, Dalby; what do you mean?"

"Yes, me; did you not say you had discovered the plot, and blame and despise me for suffering it, as I deserved?"

"No! indeed I know not what you allude to: I was speaking of a part of my own family. These are letters from B——."

George blushed, and looked confused. "Well, Montague, then I must explain, indeed I have long wished it; you remember the night at J——'s?"

"And what of that?"

"You little think how much more culpable I was in that affair than I seemed."

"Culpable! explain yourself."

"I will. You remember while you talked with Lady Sarah Valmont, at Crawford's, I was engaged with Mansfield: he inquired who you were: I told him your history, and upon my mentioning the circumstance of your seclusion, and private education, he laughed, and said, he supposed you were a *green*

horn, and a *quiz*, but he doubted not that you would soon be one of *them*. I was imprudent enough to cry, 'Never!' Upon which he offered to lay me any wager, that you should be drunk and debauched in two nights; adding, that you were not the first quiz he had introduced to the world. I took his wager, which was a high one, not doubting of success, and he stipulated that I should not oppose his schemes, or even attempt to counteract them. His companions I doubt not rejoiced in his plans; certain it is they took great pains to forward them: every thing was concerted, their coldness at first to prevent your suspicion, their not pressing you to stay the first night, and the seeming casual way in which they introduced the invitation to J——'s. If you recollect, I hinted a dislike to go, but was foolish enough to suppose my promise too binding to suffer me to tell you the character of the infamous house. You will wonder what could induce them to give themselves all this trouble about you; but I believe nothing is more intolerable to the vicious than to see one virtuous person

person, nothing sweeter than to seduce him: their plan was, that you should be heated with wine until you lost reflection, and then the loveliest girl in the house was to be placed next you; their devilish malice, however, happily, very happily, did not succeed; but if these wretches had not been entangled in their own snare, you would not have escaped unmolested, but all were too much intoxicated to observe our departure. I will now tell you why I wished to return at a different time from you: I had agreed and promised, in order that they might not suspect me of persuading you to leave them, that we should not return together. I saw them the next day, I asserted the rectitude of my conduct, in having conformed to my promise, but yielded the wager to avoid ridicule, and confessed that I could not determine whither you had gone. Now, Montague, I must hope you will not judge too severely of my imprudence, I assure you I have grieved for it ever since, and although I have not always been virtuous myself, I abhorred the idea of exposing you to be otherwise; at the same time I must say

I trusted to your principles, and have not been deceived."

"Well, George," said Frederic, "make no more apologies; when you exposed me, you exposed yourself, and what you have done pays me so high a compliment, that I cannot decently be angry with you."

The time was now approaching when Mr. Dalby intended returning to London, and yet from Delaval no intelligence had been received. Supposing, of course that he had been disappointed in his hope, Frederic and George lamented his unhappy fate with real concern, and grieved that the place of his retreat was unknown to them, since they could not now yield him comfort, or give him counsel; and the tenor of his letter led them to conclude he would conceal himself from them and all his friends.

Frederic now looked back upon the time he had spent at Brighton; a retrospect which afforded him not one pleasant idea to dwell upon: he had seen human nature in its worst light, and he sickened at the recollection. Delaval too, the unhappy yet virtuous and

amiable Delaval, had left on his mind a sensation of the most painful compassion: to conjecture at the cause of his grief, was impossible, except from a few loose hints, and those more resembled the wild chimera of a distempered brain, than the probable truth: now, it was too likely, he was yet more wretched, than before. This idea to the friendly mind of Frederic was severely painful. The passion of George for Celia could not fail of giving him pleasure, as, with all his faults, Frederic could not avoid feeling a great share of esteem and affection for him; but notwithstanding the encouragement he had given to George, he doubted much of the probability of his uncle being induced by pecuniary motives to give his only daughter to the son of a merchant.

These united reflections were far from endearing Brighton to Frederic, and he now looked forward with pleasure to the time when he should again see the well known scenes of B——, and be able entirely to clear his character of the aspersions thrown upon it by the artifices of Margaret, and the insolence of his domestic.

The month of October was begun when Mr. Dalby returned to London. Frederic, after thanking them for the politeness he had received, and earnestly requesting George to pay him a visit at B——, in the spring, and in the mean time requesting him to correspond, and, if possible, send him some information, respecting Delaval, took his leave, and set off from Cavendish-Square at an early hour on his return to B——.

CHAP. IV.

THE day was by no means in conformity with the spirits of Frederic; it was black and heavy, and the rain descended in torrents; yet as he entered his native County, every object gave him delight; in a few hours he should see Emma, still the same, still loving him; and at the same time he felt proudly conscious that he was still worthy of her, innocent, vir-

F 2

tuous as she was ; he gazed on the little circlet of hair, and kissed it with exultation and delight, and shuddered to think of the guilt he had so narrowly escaped, which would have blasted all the pleasure he expected in seeing her, as to conceal it would have been to injure her, to disclose it would have lost her esteem, perhaps her love, for ever.

At the Inn he again met his old friend, the brother of Mrs. Williams ; after whom he inquired : the man told him that he had himself found an opportunity to take the money, that Sally was in great poverty when he saw her, but was now made quite happy.

“But, Sir,” added he, “it was a great sum of money to part with ; be sure I had no thought what I carried : I hope you will not get into trouble though, for giving away so much at a time.”

Frederic smiled, and assured him he should not. But he now recollected the accusation which had arisen from this circumstance ; that recollection however produced no other effect in his mind, than exciting laughter at the

the idea of poor old Sally Williams being his kept mistress. With fresh spirits Frederic pursued his journey. Early in the afternoon he approached the well known environs of B——, and although the autumn had began to impair their beauties, yet nothing which had met his eyes since his departure had appeared half so lovely.

Frederic alighted in the village, but as he was proceeding to the hall, an irresistible inclination urged him to turn his steps towards L——; for much as he longed again to see his family, yet to postpone seeing Miss Nevil when he was so near, was impossible; and, as it was early in the afternoon, he did not suppose that he should be expected at the hall. Never did the way appear so long, or so comfortless: the patience of Frederic was wholly exhausted when he reached the house of Mr. Nevil. He knocked at the door with a trembling hand; Nancy appeared, who no sooner saw Frederic than she screamed with joy.

“Oh! Mr. Frederic,” said he, “I am so glad you are come again; I thought we
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F 3 should

should never see you any more, when you went to that strange country, and so I told Miss. Well, but how have you been, Sir, all this time? Lauk! how you stand; pray come in."

"Well, but my dear Nancy," said Frederic, "are Mrs. and Miss Nevil at home?"

"At home, Sir? Yes, Sir; aye and sadly dull, too. I have heard strange things. — There's Mr. Frank has been here, and a deal to do; but sure I don't think you was to blame; but I say nothing. Why don't you come in, Sir?"

"Strange things, and I not to blame!" cried Frederic, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, Lauk! Sir, I don't know nothing at all about it, only as I have heard: but come, I'll go let 'em know you're come."

Away she ran, and in a moment returned out of breath: "Oh! come in Sir, Mistress will be quite glad to see you." Frederic followed her.

Mrs. Nevill received him in the kindest, the most cordial manner; and tears of joy stood in the eyes of the lovely Emma.

"My

“My dear Madam, my sweet Emma,” said Frederic, “I am once more returned to this place, so dear to my heart; never, never again will I quit it; not one hour of unmixed pleasure have I known since I have been away; not one moment so sweet as the present.”

“And have you not, Mr. Montague,” said Mrs. Nevill, “lost you taste for retirement, and the simple pleasures of the country in the gaiety of the polite world?”

“No, Madam, always were those simple pleasures sweet to me, but now I have seen the world, I return to them with double relish; and I sicken at the recollection of the foolish, idle, disagreeable hours I have spent this summer—and I grieve to think how I have voluntarily forsaken my own happiness.”

Frederic then inquired after Mr. Nevil, and when they had left E——. They answered, that they had only stayed there a week; and that Mr. Nevill had been much offended by the note which he had received from him. Frederic made an awkward apology

logy, and the subject was dropped. As usual Frederic was regardless of the time—and it was long before he recollected that he had as yet seen none of his family.

At length, however, he arose to take leave; but as he was leaving the house, Nancy stopped him, and said, she had a very great favor to beg of him. Frederic smiled.

“Well, Nancy,” said he, “I promise before I hear it not to refuse, let it be what it will.”

“I am much obliged to you, Sir, I am sure,” said Nancy: “but,” continued she, blushing and looking down, “be sure you won’t be angry, and, I don’t know how to say it,—but you was always very good to me, Sir.”

“And always will be,” said Frederic, “so do not hesitate.”

“Yes, Sir,—no, Sir: though, for sure, I should not have thought, Sir, of telling you because — and yet I should tell you, though I haven’t Miss Emma—but now you won’t be angry, will you, Sir?”

“Never fear, I shall not easily be angry with

with you, my dear Nancy ; but tell me directly what you want, because I have really no time to lose."

" Why, Sir, I want,—that is, I meant to—to—that is, not to go to service next year."

" Not to go to service next year, what do you mean?"

Nancy blushed yet more deeply, and stammered out, " Why, Sir, that is,—it—it—I mean, Sir, that don't you know, Sir? your head man, I hope no harm, Sir, but we have kept company this year, and to be sure he says,"—Nancy hesitated; and Frederic half laughing, asked her to go on.

" Why, he says, that if I please, he will get the banns written as for next Sunday."

" Who did you say?" inquired Frederic, endeavouring to command his countenance.

" Why, Sir, your head man, Will, Sir."

Frederic recollected the young man who had been his comrade in the hay-field, and had afterwards assisted o'd Haywood, and had first refused and then accepted his present."

"Ah!" said he, "I know him, a good fellow, I believe, but very furly I am afraid."

"Oh! lauk, no Sir, not at all, he an't very civil to be sure, but that's because he thinks 'tis canting; but I'm sure he was always good tempered and kind to me."

"Well, well," said Frederic, "you must do as you please, Nancy; I am sure I have no objection."

"No, Sir, to be sure you're very good; but my mother says, Sir, that she'll forbid the banns."

"And why so? what objection has she?"

"Oh! none, Sir, only since I've had a fortune mother thinks I'm too good for poor Will. because, Sir, he has got nothing."

"A fortune?" repeated Frederic, "what fortune do you mean?"

"Why, Sir, the fortune the young 'squire gave me?"

"The young 'squire?" cried Frederic amazed, "what young 'squire?"

"'Squire Dalby, Sir."

Frederic recoiled; all the strange behaviour of George returned to his mind, and
he

he now doubted not but that this fortune was the wages of her shame.

“Miserable girl!” cried he; “abandoned profligate wretch, well might he be ashamed to see me, and how dare you mention this to me? And you would persuade that poor man to marry you after you have been ruined? for shame! for shame!”

Nancy coloured very high, and tossing her head rather angrily, “No, Mr. Frederic, no,” said she, “I scorn your words; and if the ’squire said so ’tis false: I an’t a bad hussy, and you did not ought to think me one!”

“I am sincerely glad of it,” answered Frederic; “indeed it would have hurt me very much if you had been. But come, my little Nancy, tell me how you came by this fortune?”

“To be sure, Sir, I will: only pray, Sir, don’t have such bad thoughts of me. You know, Sir, the day I met you in L—— church-yard? well, that afternoon I went to R——, and who should I meet as I was coming back but the ’squire: he began to

ask me how I did, and was very civil, as I thought; and yet, too, I thought it was very strange that such a great gentleman as he should choose to walk with such a one as me. At last I did not like it, because all the people stared, and it was so odd, so I courtied and wished him good bye and got over the stile into the little wood. But before I had gone three steps, behold there he was again; and so when I saw him again I could not help laughing, and then, Sir, to be sure he said that he would kiss me. Oh! dear me, I was struck all of a heap; but, however, I told him I wondered he could demean himself to think of such a thing, and begged he would leave me; but then he said, that he had as good a right to be happy with me, as you, Sir; and then he would kiss me: so I told him I would not put up with it, and told him to adone, for I wouldn't be served so. But this signified nothing, for he took hold of me and was very rude, so I burst out a crying, for what could I do? And then, Sir, he took out some money, and said, that would make it up: but I dashed it out of his hand

hand, and told him, I wanted none of it, and asked him what he took me for? And told him I was no naughty hussy: And then I tried to get away, but he stopped me; and then he kneeled down and talked a great deal, too high-learned for me to understand. But all that was nothing, for he took hold of me and kissed me again, so I screamed out and called out to Will to help me; but no Will was in hearing. Lauk, Sir, if Will had been there he would have murdered him for all his being a gentleman. But, however, I begged of him to consider, and not to use me so because there was nobody to help me; that I was but a poor girl, but I was honest, and he might be ashamed of serving me so. And then, Sir, I cried again; but I had no occasion, for the 'squire let me go directly, and then he asked my pardon, as he said, and said he was very sorry, and a great deal more of it—but I told him 'twas no matter, if he would leave me; but he said I must forgive and forget what he had done. I said, yes, though I was resolved to tell you, and I told Miss Emma. But, Sir, only think, next morning

morning after you all scolded me so, I went to my mother's, and there, Sir, I found the 'squire had been, and he had told her, that he had brought a trifle for me, and he threw down a parcel of papers, and went out directly. My mother looked, and behold it was all bank notes! — I do not know how much, but there were three of them, and a bit of paper with it, which I saved to shew you, here it is, Sir."

Nancy gave it to Frederic, and he discovered the following words written with a pencil, and almost obliterated.

'Accept of this trifle, my good girl, and forgive me for insulting you: but I had been mistaken in my thoughts, until your behaviour undeceived me.'

GEORGE DALBY.'

"But I wonder," said Frederic, "how he could find your mother's house."

"Oh! Sir, he took a deal of pains, and asked all our folks about it; though I wonder how he came to know where I lived.—

But

But, Sir, the favor I was going to ask of you is, that you would be so kind as just to speak a word for me to my mother : I am sure I wish I had never seen the 'squire, for his money will be of little service to me, if 'tis to part me from Will :—but, Sir, you'll be so kind, won't you ?”

“To be sure I will,” said Frederic, this very afternoon, and make yourself quite happy, my little Nancy, for whatever this fortune of your's is, I will make Will's equal to it, and then your mother cannot make any objection.”

“Nancy was so delighted, that the tears sparkled in her eyes. “Oh ! Sir,” said she, “you are so good, I am sure I shall always be bound to thank you as long as I live.”

She was going on, but Frederic, to whom thanks were always disagreeable, interrupted her, by wishing her good night, and then hastened towards the hall. And thus was the strange mystery of George's behaviour explained ; the mind of Frederic was much relieved, since, while the cause remained unknown, suspicion had painted the
affair

affair in much worse colours; and although he had not formed any conception of the real truth, yet he had concluded, an action which required such concealment must be peculiarly base; this concealment, however, now raised his friend in his estimation, as it shewed that he had the delicacy to regret his folly, although he had made such ample reparation; it likewise gratified his own vanity not a little, as it plainly proved the high opinion George had formed of his principles, and the great value which he set upon his esteem: the most probable motive, however, did not occur to him—his love for Cecilia! since, if it had been discovered to Frederic, there was little reason to suppose he would conceal it; and to have discovered so disgraceful an attempt, would not have advanced him in her esteem; and he had hoped that when Frederic returned from Brighton, the whole affair might be forgotten.

And now Frederic began to form to himself an idea of his reception, which he expected would be exceedingly stiff: this, how-

ever

ever gave him little uneasiness, as he doubted not his power of clearing away every imputation. One ridiculous piece of imprudence occurred to him : when he had alighted at B——, he had entirely forgotten his servant Daniel, who was on horseback, and had no doubt gone on to the hall, and reported his taking another path. This recollection made him seriously uneasy, and he redoubled his pace. It was not long before he reached the hall : he knocked, the door was opened by his old servant. “Hah! James,” said Frederic, “how are you?”

The fellow hung his head.

“Oh! Mr. Frederic,” said he, and disappeared.

Frederic startled, and was going to run up stairs, when Daniel met him.

“Mr. Montague is in the parlour,” said he, “you will please to walk this way.”

Frederic followed, and as he entered was amazed to see his uncle sitting alone ; he felt himself tremble he knew not why. Mr. Montague looked at him for some time silently, but with a fierce air ; at length,

"Well, Sir," said he, "what do you think of yourself?"

Frederic was struck dumb by this strange speech, and turned pale with surprise and terror.

"You may well be afraid;" pursued Montague, "I am acquainted with every thing: you have been an impostor from the beginning, but I have done with you," continued he, raising his voice, "begone from my sight! never dare set your foot within these doors again! Go, go, I say, wretch! hypocrite!"

"And is this all the kindness," said Frederic, in a steady voice, "you can shew the child of your sister?"

"You are no child of my sister!" vociferated Montague, "base bantling! changeling! impostor! go to her who palmed you upon me! — But still, because I have educated you and kept you, I would always have been your friend if you had deserved it, but how have you cheated me? You had been to the farm, you used to say; (fool that I was to believe you) and all that time you were visiting a strumpet."

"A strumpet!" exclaimed Frederic, starting with indignation, "it is a falsehood. I despise your accusations, Sir; I despise those who insinuated them to you, and you for listening to them. I am no bantling! I am the son of Emmeline: Doctor Evans knows it, every one knows it, you cannot believe it otherwise, you cannot, Sir; and I can clear myself from every thing else, I can shame my accusers."

"Softly, Mr. Cowslip, softly," stammered Montague, trembling with excessive rage, "if you had been less insolent I would not now have turned you to starving: but you despise me, do you? Go, then, you shall beg your bread, you shall die, you shall rot in a goal for me. Go this instant, not a night more shall you pass in this house, not another minute."

"I will go, Sir," said Frederic calmly and haughtily, "far from you, and some future time, yes, on your death bed let it bring you comfort, that you have turned the orphan of your poor sister destitute on the world!—Let it

it bring comfort to you, Sir, and to my aunt Margaret, the murderer of my poor mother."

Montague was evidently shocked, but recovering herself, "She was not your mother," he cried, "I would have forgiven any thing in my poor Emmeline's child, but not in a bantling; go then, —"

"One word, Sir, and I obey: Suffer me to see Mrs. Montague and Cecilia, suffer me to thank them, and bid them farewell?"

"No, Sir, I will suffer no such thing;— you have already been affliction enough to that excellent woman."

"Well, Sir," cried Frederic in a melancholy tone, "I submit—farewell—God bless you, Sir, and forgive you."

Frederic left the room, and was going, but as he crossed the hall Cecilia met him; she ran to him, threw her arms about his neck, and burst into tears.

"Frederic, my dear Frederic," she said, but seeing the parlour door opening, she slipped a letter in his hand, and ran hastily away. Frederic put it in his pocket, heaved a sigh from the bottom of his heart, and
moving

moving slowly to the great door, left the house.

The twilight was approaching, the rain beat tempestuously, as it was driven by the wind, and all around was horror and misery: Just arrived at happiness, a splendid fortune, the girl whom he loved, and friends the most kind, but a little while before in his possession, or certain expectation: In such a night, was Frederic at once bereft of all, and turned a wanderer on the world. Great and sudden blows stun sensation: and Frederic could not comprehend half the misery of his situation. His mind was bewildered, and no idea presented itself but a wish to see his Emma, and relate to her his misfortune, to ask advice, pity, and perhaps consolation; for to his fond fancy she seemed now to be his only friend.

Filled with these thoughts, he bent his steps towards L——. Drenched with the rain, pale, haggard, and spent, he arrived; and without waiting to knock he entered, and hurrying into the parlour where he had left Mrs. and Miss Nevil, he threw himself into

a seat by Emma, and taking her hand, looked in her face: his pale and disordered looks, added to the strangeness of his sudden return, affrighted Mrs. and Miss Nevil excessively.

"Mr. Montague," exclaimed the former, "what is the matter, are you ill?"

Frederic, without regarding this interrogation, involuntarily threw his arms about Miss Nevil,

"Emma! Emma!" he exclaimed with a deep sigh, "my dear Emma, I am ruined, undone for ever!"

"Ruined!" repeated Mrs. Nevil.

"Pardon me," resumed Frederic, recollecting himself and rising, "for my abruptness, but I am an outcast now, and have no hope, no dependance: but you will not forsake me! Emma you will not love me less!"

"Forsake you, Mr. Montague?" said Emma, bursting into tears, "never, never, why should you think so?"

"If so, then I care for nothing; we can live contented on a little:—Ah! my love, my uncle has abandoned me, he no longer will

will acknowledge me, and can you love a beggar?"

"Can I love you?—Oh! Frederic, never think I loved you for your riches," cried Emma, drying her tears, and speaking with more vivacity, "if we have nothing we can be happy, we have health; thank heaven, we can live by labour, at least, if all the world forsake us. No, my dear Frederic, we will not part now!"

"Angelic girl!" exclaimed Frederic, "yes, we can be happy I see, and I despise my cruel uncle! I defy my ill fortune, without riches we will be content."

"Heavens! is it possible," cried Mrs. Nevil, "has your uncle rejected you?—Ah! Mr. Montague, I have always dreaded it.—Why, why did you love my unhappy child, to ruin yourself and her?"

"No, Madam, no," said Frederic, "my Emma loves me even now, and now I am happier than ever!"

"Alas! my children," cried Mrs. Nevil, "what now avails your love? to unite now were madness: you must part:—Mr. Mon-

tague, you must see my child no more, would you had never seen her; she has been the cause of your misfortunes."

Frederic cleared this idea, by relating the real circumstances, and insisted upon the promise of Mrs. Nevil, declaring that nothing should part them.

"Talk not so wildly," said Mrs. Nevil, "I but too well know the folly of an imprudent union; but, alas! this is not merely imprudent; Mr. Nevil is incensed against you, and as your fortune, (I am sorry to say it) was his sole inducement to accept your offer, do you suppose he will now consent? On the contrary, as our whole subsistence depends on him, we should be at once cast out to beggary. Oh! Mr. Montague, do not think my friendship is diminished, but how can I choose?"

Frederic groaned aloud, and Emma wept.

"Nay, Emma, nay my dear child," pursued Mrs. Nevil, "do not weep so, it is of no avail; we are indeed miserable, but I am not astonished: I have long dreaded this blow, I have long expected it: Comfort yourselves,
my

my children, I do not bid you part for ever, perhaps at some future day —— Yet I would not give you false hopes, but if Mr. Montague should relent,—and yet—I know not what to hope—at present, Mr. Montague, indeed you must not stay. Alas! I wish it were in my power to assist you, but it is not, it cannot be.”

“No, no, no,” cried Frederic, I will not reduce you to beggary; I will go for ever: forget me, Madam! Emma forget me!—be happy!—be happy, my love, but do not marry Haywood!”

“Never!” exclaimed Emma. “Oh! Frederic, if we must part, never, never will I marry another.”

“Emma!—at least give me a parting kiss. —Come, my love, let us kiss the last time we shall meet!—”

Frederic caught her in his arms, and pressed her with despairing fondness to his bosom, then kissed the hand of Mrs. Nevil, and ran out of the house. But as he crossed the little mead he stopped an instant to reflect.

"What," cried he, "shall I never see my Emma again!—never in my life?" His brain maddened at the intolerable idea; he turned and ran hastily back to the house—he knocked—Nancy came out.

"Oh Lauk Mr. Frederic!" said she, "dear me what's the matter?"

"Silence!" cried he fiercely, "tell Miss Nevil to come to me this instant, take no denial; tell her I will, I must see her once more before I go—I must."

Nancy obeyed: and in a minute Miss Nevil appeared: she ran towards him.

"Emma! Emma!" cried he in a disordered voice, "come with me yet a little way, we must not part so soon; will you not go a little way with me, my love?"

"I will go with you any where, my Frederic," cried Emma, weeping.

Frederic hurried her along to the stile—he paused a moment, then taking both her hands in his,

"We are going to part a long, long while, my love," said he, "we must no more walk
along

along these fields! we shall no more talk sweetly together! but, a year, and you will forget me, Emma!"

"Oh! no, no," said Emma, "never! I will always think of you. I never shall love another as long as I live: and you, my Frederic, do not forget me: always think of your poor Emma, as she will of you."

"Always think of thee!—Ah! for the little space of life that remains!—Emma! if I should not live long, when you hear of my death, won't you shed a few tears for me as you call me to mind?—won't you, my love?"

"Oh! Frederic, Frederic," cried Emma, bursting into tears afresh, "do not, do not quite break my heart."

"Don't weep so, my love," said he, clasping his arms around her, "perhaps we do not part for ever, you must not grieve so terribly."

Emma sobbed convulsively, and her head sunk upon his shoulder.

Frederic laid his cheek to hers,

"Oh! must we part," he cried, "my
G 2 sweet

sweet girl? The dearest thing I have on earth! I can never leave you, never, never! Emma we will not part, shall we, my love? Can we?"

"Oh! no, no, no," cried she, starting back and looking at him, "Ah! let us go together over the world."

"Come, then, my love, why do you hesitate? we will live by industry, and we shall be content."

Emma paused, then shaking her head, with a deep sigh,

"Ah! but my mother!" she cried. "No, Frederic, let us always be faithful, and we may meet again, but now —"

"But now you will leave me," cried Frederic, "and you must! Emma, you should not partake my misery! It is true you should not. Comfort your mother, try to be happy, my love. A thought comforts me—I will try to live in some way; in a year we will meet again at this place; yet if you could—but no, no, no, I must not ask—you will meet me again in a year?"

"I

"I will, I will," cried Emma, "but I dare not stay any longer: Frederic, dear Frederic, God bless you!"

"Heaven bless you, dearest Emma, and make you happy always."

Frederic again kissed her, and again bade her adieu, and she disappeared. Frederic watched her retiring figure until it was lost in the duskiness of the evening, and then dashed himself on the ground in an agony. And now he felt the utmost horror of his situation; his prospect closed on every side: alone, destitute, without a shelter against the night and the rain; torn from Emma, from every thing that was dear to him; wet, comfortless, and famished, he seemed at the very lowest degree of misery: to add to his distressing reflections, all his money had been spent in his journey, and now he possessed not the means of obtaining the common necessities of life, even for a day! His imagination ran rapidly over those complicated misfortunes; but almost instantly to what he at present felt the severest—the irrecoverable loss of Emma. His brain grew inflamed, distorted images of

horror flitted before his fancy—he arose—he leant on the stile—and looked around: the rain sung in the wind—the vast clouds drove above his head, and the loud blast, which roared through the branches of the ancient ash which hung over him, added to the confusion of his ideas; and to the heat of his fancy, an agonizing sensation of mingled horror and misery succeeded. Frederic stared wildly, listened a moment to the noise, and then ran with furious speed along the path, unconscious whither he was going and why he hurried along.

Not far from L——, by the road side which led to B——, was a small public house, which subsisted upon the occasional excesses of the common people; it was mean and wretched: hither Frederic bent his steps, and observing a light and the door open, rushed wildly in,

“Oh! receive me, receive me,” he cried, but one hour from this dreadful night!” and threw himself on the bench exhausted.

This evening being the tenth of October, many servants who had left their places were
assembled

assembled, as is customary, to drink each other's success; among these was Edward Cowslip, who recognising Frederic, arose, and bowing respectfully, offered him a chair, with

"Why, 'squire, who'd have thought of seeing you?"

"Dear me, Mr. Montague," said the host, "I hope, Sir, you won't think of sitting here, pray, Sir, walk into the parlour, I'll light a fire directly."

"You will give me an hour's shelter from this miserable night?" said Frederic; "upon my honor you are kinder than my uncle!—Hah! Edward, is it you?" continued he rising, "and you, my comrades in the hay-field, where are the rest? where are they all? Come, my lads, though I take a last farewell of you, it shall not be a sad one."

"Will you drink with us, Sir? I hope no offence—" said Edward. The fellows stared; the entrance of Frederic was a phenomenon, but they could not but observe and be alarmed at his strange entrance, and the wild manner in which his eyes rolled around;

but at this offer of Edward, with an unmeaning laugh,

“Aye, drink with you, certainly,” cried he, and taking the glass, “come, brother Edward, Liberty and Equality!” and he drank it off, and then insisted upon being pledged.

Edward then addressed him in the usual style, as Mr. Montague.

“No, no,” cried he, “no Mr. Montague; “you shall say your brother Frederic: yes, Edward, I am your brother; we sucked of the same breast and I am no child of Emmeline they say.”

“Well, Sir, well,” cried Edward laughing, and concluding Frederic was intoxicated, “if you are my brother, sit down, and make one of us: come, Sir, here’s your health.”

During this discourse, a young man entered, and having paid some money, was retiring, when Frederic caught his attention; he started, and then stopped to observe him.

Frederic again drank, and called to have more liquor. At this, the young man going to him, and touching his shoulder,

“Don’t

"Don't drink any more, Mr. Frederic," said he, "pray, Sir don't."

"Not drink any more!" exclaimed Frederic, "and why not? Ha, who are you? I know you well, I think—yes, and meant to do something for you; come drink with me, my lad."

"No, Sir, no;" said the other, in a voice of concern, "but come with me, Mr. Frederic, let me see you home."

"Home!" repeated Frederic, "I have no home."

"How long," said the young man, turning to Edward, "how long has Mr. Frederic been here?"

"But a moment, and came in drunk as you see."

The young man bit his lips; then turning to Frederic, "Come, Sir," said he, "now pray go, will you?"

"Go!" repeated Frederic, "yes, yes, this instant if you will drink."

The young man obeyed; and Frederic rising,

“Farewell, my lads,” said he, “and you, young man; be happy all of you, and think not of me when I am seen no more.”

Then abruptly he flew out of the house, and darted along with the swiftness of lightning.

CHAP. V.

IN one of the fields which adjoined the farm-house of Montague, was a large and handsome pond; its extreme depth had always rendered it beautifully clear, and all the wild and elegant water-plants adorned its banks: Hither Frederic bent his steps. The wind had raised it in waves, and the rain-drops sounded melancholy and hollow on its surface; Frederic ran up the point of a high bank, and paused—his pulse beat hard and high, a feverish heat ran through his veins, he laid his hand on his burning forehead, he tried

tried to reflect, but not one ray of reason remained. And now he raised his eyes aloft, and spread his hands over the waters.

"Emmeline! mother! receive me!" he muttered in a low voice, and leaning over, prepared to cast himself forward, when a strong grasp suddenly withheld and drew him back.

"Good God! Mr. Frederic," exclaimed a voice, "what are you about?"

"About," repeated Frederic, "ha! what, who are you?"

"Don't you know me, Sir?"

"Know you? no:—why do you hold me? let me go."

"Where would you go to, Sir?"

"To Emmeline, to my mother!—What are you? who are you? are you Edward?"

"No, Sir, 'tis I; 'tis Will."

"Well, leave me, young man; go, fare you well!"

"No, Sir, no: I'll not leave you now."

"And why not? I entreat you to go.—See," continued Frederic, taking out an ele-

gant gold watch, "I will give you this, wear it for my sake, but go."

"No, Sir, take back your watch, pray do, and don't talk so: I cannot leave you, Sir, what is the matter with you?"

"Matter!" repeated Frederic: "Oh! I don't know, but my brain is all on fire, and then I have a weight, so heavy, so very heavy here," laying his hand on his breast.

"Oh! come, Sir, come with me; go to the farm-house," said Will, "and don't think about such things."

"Will," cried Frederic, wholly inattentive, "I have a thing to ask you: will you go with me?"

"Yes, Sir, that I will any where."

"Then come, my lad, walk with me to the bank, and—stay—tell Emma—I have forgotten—but go with me."

"You shall not go to the water, indeed you shall not," said the man, holding him, "but, come, Sir, come with me."

"Where should I go to? I have no friend, not one, in all the world."

"No friend, Sir?"

"Oh!

"Oh! no, I am rejected, cast out; my uncle has cast me out of his house! I have no where to go, but to that pleasant bank: my mother is gone, and I have no friend on earth."

"Yes, Mr. Frederic, I will be your friend."

"Will you," said Frederic, in a melancholy tone, "will you restore my Emma? She is gone, but you may be a friend to me—will you?"

"Yes, Sir, that I will, all that is within my power."

Frederic paused, then starting round, and looking in the face of Will, "Young man," said he, in a hollow tone, "have you courage?"

"I have Sir."

"Are you sure?"

"I am indeed."

"Then," said Frederic, "take out your knife."

The young man started with horror:—
"Good God! Mr. Frederic," said he, "you must not talk so, you shall not stay here, I will take you to the house."

“Let me think a moment,” entirely forgetting his object, “well, do not go—I do not think as usual—but I have suffered strange things.”

“Will you go to the house then, Sir?”

“No, I will not enter Montague’s house, but I will go with you.”

Frederic left the fatal banks. As he talked his head grew cooler; he began to reflect, but he would not enter the house.

“Go in however,” said he, “do not let me keep you out all night, in the morning you will find me again.”

“No, Sir, I tell you I will not leave you; but I am going away to-night, will you go with me to my mother’s? It is some way, but you will be quite welcome to her, Sir.”

“Yes,” cried Frederic, “I will go with you; come, then, do not let us stay.”

“I can’t go directly,” said the young man, “but if you will not go into the house, don’t stand so in the rain, Sir, but go in to the stable.”

Frederic consented, followed him, and sat down on a quantity of hay.

“But

"But, Sir," said the man, "promise me you won't go to the pond while I am gone?"

"I will not indeed," said Frederic, "but I am very cold and wet."

Will laid his hand on his cloaths: "Oh! Sir," said he, "you are wet to the skin, pray go in and stand by the fire."

"I will not enter Montague's house."

"But will you, Sir, will you put on some cloaths of mine."

"I care not what I do," said Frederic, and sunk down despondently.

The young man was gone in an instant, taking the precaution, however, of locking the door: in a minute he returned. "We are very near of a size," said he, "and I dare say they will do well enough for a shift."

It was not however till after much persuasion that Frederic would consent to an exchange: he complied, however, but, when it was completed, "Oh! my Cecilia's letter!" he exclaimed. He then took out and secured it.

"I must go in, Sir," said the young man, "to take my wages, I will come as soon as I have settled."

He then left Frederic with the same precaution, which he had used before. As soon as he was alone, Frederic threw himself at length on the hay, and endeavoured to collect his scattered thoughts; after some time his recollection and reason in some measure returned; he again thought over his misfortunes, and addressed himself to that Being, who alone was able to support him under them: he implored his pity, protection, and forgiveness for the wild transports of his grief; then relying firmly on his aid, he endeavoured to resign himself to what was inevitable, and to look forward to some distant hope, which perhaps might one day gild his prospects anew. Occupied in such thoughts, he grew more composed, and awaited the return of the young man with impatience.

It was, however, some time before he appeared: at length he entered, with a lantern, and going to Frederic,

“I wish, Sir,” said he, “you would but come in to-night: our mistress has offered me to stay to-night, because it is still so rainy and cold; will you go, Sir?”

“I

"I thought," said Frederic, "you were going to your mother's?"

"Yes, Sir, and so I am; but it is many miles away, it is past six o'clock, and now you must be tired."

"No, Will, I am not tired; if you will go with me now, I will thank you, I do not like to enter that house."

"To be sure, Sir, I will go with you—but it is a long, long way."

"No matter, lead on, I am much better than I was."

The young man consented immediately, and they set off together.

The wind and rain had somewhat subsided, but the night was now quite dark. Frederic felt less miserable, and as he was now perfectly calm, he related to his companion the real state of his affairs.

"Well, Mr. Frederic," said Will, as soon as he had concluded, "don't be cast down; to be sure you sha'n't come to want while I can help it—I have been forced to draw half my wages this year, because of my poor mother; but you were so good as to help me,
with

with that half guinea you gave me in the hay-time, and then I didn't know what to do, for I was ashamed to draw any more, and my poor mother was quite bad; however I have six guineas left, there they are, Sir, at your service."

Frederic was quite amazed at this offer, which, however, he peremptorily declined.

"Won't you have it, Sir?" said Will, in a sad tone; "what will become of you then?"

"I do not know indeed."

"Then pray take it, Sir, pray do; I can work for more, but what can you do?"

"Nothing, nothing: Oh! Will, why did you hold me just now? I should by this time have been beyond the reach of every misfortune."

"Yes, Sir, but what would have become of you afterwards? Oh! Sir, don't think of such things: but you may go and live with my mother, she is better to do I believe, for I have not heard of her a long while; in a little time perhaps it will all blow over, the 'squire will forgive you; and as to your not being
Miss

Miss Emmeline's son, I know better, and so does my mother too."

"And where does your mother live?"

"At East Tilbury?"

"At East Tilbury? Good God! Are you the son of Sally, who was so kind to my poor mother?"

"Yes, Sir, I am: Poor Miss Emmeline took you and me, Sir, in her arms, before she died, (I have heard my mother say), and blessed us both."

"I have heard of it: but why did you never tell me this before?"

"How could I, Sir? I was never with you."

"Yes, in the hay-field."

"But how could I speak of such things as that before Ned and the rest? Besides, why should I tell you of it?"

"That I might have treated you more like the son of one who had been so kind to my mother."

"Yes, Sir, but I am young and in health, I want help from nobody; and I can always keep myself: what should I tell you all that
for,

for, as if I wanted you to give me something; I should have been ashamed of it."

"How do you think then I can receive any thing from you, when you were too proud to seem to want any thing of me?"

"Why, Sir, asking pardon, 'tis quite different: you are in want, and I was not, except of that half guinea, which I took; and if I had wanted more, I should not have been so proud, as you say, not to have asked of you."

"Well, but I am not in such want: this watch is a gold repeater, it cost sixty guineas, and yet," continued Frederic, in a lower tone, "I cannot part with it."

It had belonged to the unhappy Emmeline.

Will observing him pause, again urged him to accept the money, but Frederic would not listen to him, but changing the subject, spoke of Nancy, and regretted that it was out of his power to assist him; suppressing however his offer of making him a present of an equivalent to the fortune which Nancy had received from George, as he wished not to lay claim
to

to gratitude for an unperformed intention. Will thanked him in a constrained voice, but avoided the subject. Frederic then spoke of his own situation.

“I have no hopes,” said he, “that my uncle will ever relent: he is surrounded by my cunning and inveterate enemies: I have no hope that way:—But I must not think of it, I shall be distracted again—I must think of some method—peace is at present established, but a war with France is much expected—I will either enlist in the army or navy.”

“What, and leave the country, Sir? Go away, and never see any one of your friends again?”

“But what can I do?” said Frederic sighing, and a recollection of the promise he had given Emma, passed over his mind; a promise which, if he engaged in the service, it might never be in his power to perform. As his companion was about to answer, a small cart drove close by them, and as the clouds were somewhat broken, Will recognised in the man who drove, an old acquaintance.

“Ha,

"Ha, Tom," said he, "where do you come from?"

"I have been to Chelmsford," answered the man.

"And where do you live now?"

"At Stanford-le-hope."

"Well, we are going to Tilbury, will you take us in?"

"Aye, if you will treat me at Stanford."

This was agreed to, and both leapt into the cart. This was a most fortunate circumstance, as at that moment Frederic was just sinking with fatigue, to which he had been so little accustomed; and although his reason had returned, a sick langour had succeeded to the fiery heat which had raged in his veins.

Frederic wrapped himself in the thick coat which his friend had lent him, and remained silently reflecting during the journey. At Stanford they rested awhile, and then proceeding, arrived very late at the house of Mrs. Williams.

The good woman had been long in bed; but hearing the voice of her son, arose hastily, struck a light, and admitted them. The joy

both expressed at meeting affected Frederic extremely ; it painfully reminded him of his own deserted state : — no mother had been ready to receive him, no friend welcomed his return to his native home.

Sally not recognising him, and little suspecting from his dress who he was, civilly said,

“ Young man, sit down : ” and Frederic overcome with extreme fatigue, sunk into the first chair he met.

“ Oh! Will,” cried Sally, “ I have wanted to see you long and long, to tell you of such a thing as will please you indeed ; but, God bless him, ’twas like the son of Miss Emma.”

Frederic started.

“ Only see,” continued she, “ I am all as comfortable as can be ; and I have got cloaths for John, and got him into a place, and now if Jem had not gone for a soldier, I should be quite happy.”

“ Well, but mother,” said Will, “ you haven’t told us now what has happened.”

“ What has happened ! why look at that paper ! ”

Frederic

Frederic recognised his own letter, and sighed, but yet was silent.

"What use is it giving me this here?" said Will, "you know I can't read."

Sally put on her spectacles, and taking it again, with some hesitation and a multitude of spelling, read it aloud.

"There's for ye," cried she, "and what do you think come with it? fifty pounds in bank notes."

"Oh! Mr. Frederic, cried Will, "and you would not take three guineas of me!"

Sally stared, and asked to whom he spoke.

"To Mr. Frederic himself," said he.

She now arose, and taking the candle, looked Frederic in the face.

"To be sure," cried she, "'tis he, 'tis he himself, and as like poor Miss Emmy as two peas. Dear me! dear me! why you are quite grown out of knowledge, Sir: and who'd have thought of seeing you now? this long way, in this terrible night. Well, I'm so glad to see you,—and 'twas so good to come so far;—to think!—why it seems but as yesterday when I carried you in my arms:—I hope all's well at the hall and that way."

Frederic heartily shook hands with her, and told her all were well he believed: he sighed deeply as he spoke.

“Well, but,” continued she, “I am so scared, why I had no more thought that it was you, Sir, than the farthest person in the world.” Then she began a thousand interrogatories about the cause of his coming, but was interrupted by her son, who represented their want of a fire, and the propriety of offering them some refreshment.

Sally left the room to procure both, and her son followed. They had been gone but a few minutes, when she again entered, and throwing her arms about Frederic’s neck, she burst into tears.

“What turn you out of doors!” she exclaimed, “turn his own sister’s son upon the world!—Oh! poor Miss Emma, you foresaw this on your death-bed, by what you said to me! And has he given you nothing? what nothing of all his riches just to live upon?”

“Nothing,” said Frederic.

“Oh! dear, Oh! dear,” said Sally: “well

it can't be helped, ten pounds is gone to be sure, but —"

Without finishing her speech away she ran, and returned presently with a small box in her hand.

"What are you going to do?" cried Frederic, rising as he observed her take out several pieces of paper, which he perceived were his bank notes. Sally having offered them,

"May I never see what I love better than all the world again," said Frederic, "if I take back what I have given."

Sally however entreated with tears, but to no purpose. Will, who had all the time been silently making up the fire, now observed vexation growing in the countenance of Frederic.

"Well, mother, well," said he in a tone half angry, "if Mr. Frederic won't have it, he won't."

He then whispered something to his mother, to which she answered,

"Aye to be sure, 'tis your duty."

Sally

Sally then brought refreshment, and as they ate, began to talk over the happy old times, as she called them, repeating frequent encomiums upon the unfortunate Emmeline and her husband, enlarging on the beauty and elegance of their persons, and then comparing Frederic to them, with comments on his height and shape.

“Ah! Mrs. Williams,” said Frederic, “after all your kindness to my mother, I wonder Mr. Montague never provided for you more comfortably.”

“Oh! Sir,” said she, “the ’squire was very good to me, if I had but known when I was well off; but I married again, you know, and to be sure —— but, poor man, he’s in heaven it is to be hoped—but I have had a deal of trouble—then I had another family by the time Bill was four years old; and to be sure there’s Jem went for a substitute in the Militia, and John went on sadly, and neither of them are older nor so old as you, Sir; and if it had not been for my good Will, —well, the Lord knows, one had need have one good son, and if ever there was a good one ——”

Here Will interrupted her roughly; and Sally put out of her track, began her story again; but coming to the same point, was again interrupted.

"Why, Will, you won't let me speak, boy?" said she.

"Not if you talk nonsense, mother; what do you think Mr. Frederic cares about all that?"

"Not care," said Frederic, "there you are mistaken; I am sure it gives me great pleasure to hear Mrs. Williams; pray do not interrupt her any more."

Sally thus encouraged, continued; and enlarged upon the good qualities and behaviour of her son, which was a very favorite subject, until Will, fretted excessively, arose, and asked her, in an impatient tone, if they were to sit up all night.

"Oh! no," said Sally, "I ask pardon, Sir, but I got talking and forgot; well, I have a bed ready, it is but a poor one, Sir, but you'll excuse it, because it is my best; nay, if it had not been for you, Sir, I shouldn't have had that; but it is quite aired, for I partly thought
of

of seeing Will, though I had given him over."

Frederic thanked her, and accepting of an offer of some mulled wine, retired to rest.

In this day Frederic had experienced more fatigue than he had ever known before ; this, however, and the cold and wet he had suffered, the vigour of his constitution sustained without much injury, as from his infancy he had been innured to hardships, by the prudence of Mrs. Montague, who had too much good sense to mistake indulgence for kindness. Nature, however, was exhausted ; the remembrance of his sorrows faded from the mind of Frederic, and he sunk into deep repose.

CHAP. VI.

IN the morning Frederic arose calm and refreshed ; the sun played through the casement, and the morning appeared as lovely as

the night had been terrible. The human heart is ever elastic; the impressions of joy or grief seldom remain long. Frederic now began to reconsider his situation, and endeavoured to reconcile himself to it: it was true he was no longer the heir of a man of fortune, no longer had money at command, but he was free and independent; health and youth were his: possessed of great strength of body, he doubted not his ability of earning subsistence, in some way; and sweet would be the viands, however coarse, which himself had earned. But Emma! to be separated from her for ever, there was the dreadful thought; yet even here hope failed not to bestow consolation; in a year, in less, perhaps, he should see her again; he doubted not her constancy, both were extremely young, and some future day some happy event might yet arise, which, though at present hidden in futurity, might realise his fondest hopes. How unforeseen, how unexpected had been his fall! and might not some accident equally so again restore his happiness?

Cheered by such reflections, Frederic felt
his

his heart lightened of great part of his grief: he now recollected Cecilia's letter, he took it out, and kissing the seal, broke it open, when, to his great surprise, several bank notes fell out. Tears of gratitude and pleasure filled his eyes at this unexpected sight, he gathered them up, and laying them aside, read as follows:

October 10, 1792.

“Oh! my dearest Frederic, my brother, what words of comfort can I speak to you? The terrible blow I have so long expected is at last falling; this night you will be cast upon the wide, the un pitying world: I tremble to think of it—my poor mother's heart is almost broken. Not all my aunt's wicked insinuations would have prevailed—farther than for a temporary punishment; she conceived a yet deeper scheme—to assert, that you are not the son of my aunt Emmeline: how she contrived I know not, but dame Cowslip confessed that you were one of her children, and that the real son had died, and in its place she had substituted you. Doctor Evans, who would have contradicted this story, is forbid-

den the house, upon some pretence of my aunt's; and my poor father submits to her in every thing; but from my heart I believe you, my mother believes you, to be the son of Emmeline. This, however, is vain; my father listens to nobody but to Margaret. You will wonder at this, but that base woman has lately submitted her opinion to him in politics, and even in religion, by which means she is absolute. But I would not execrate her, her own cruel heart corrodes itself; and if we think of her in a future state, how much is she to be pitied. Do not despair, my dear Frederic, you have still friends who love you, who will not suffer you to want. Ah! we have been brought up together, we have loved each other, and now we must be parted. What avails my riches? to me they give no comfort! My rebellious heart sometimes is inclined to curse him from whom I shall receive them; but I know you will blame me here; I must not forget my duty, I must not allow myself to think.

“Farewell my dearest brother; think of your poor Cecilia: she will always pray for,
weep

weep for you ; may God bless you, may he give you that comfort which I cannot, and teach you resignation; he will yet protect you, and be a friend to you, more powerful than those you have lost.

Your sincere friend and affectionate sister,

CECILIA MONTAGUE.

Inclosed I have sent you a trifle which I have been able to save: my poor mother, bound by a forced promise, dares not send any thing. Ah! Frederic, you are not the most miserable in the world, you know not what we suffer."

Frederic shed many tears over this letter; he never knew till now how much he loved Cecilia; but such a letter, and such a present, was no more than what he would have expected from her. The amount of the notes was 50*l*. One part gave him peculiar comfort—that not all the machinations of Margaret had been able to injure him in the opinion of Mrs. Montague or Cecilia; the last sentence, however, which seemed designed to comfort, gave him the severest uneasiness by

what it implied; that persons so dear to him were under the tyranny of such a woman as Margaret. But now he found he was not wholly destitute; he might apply for support to friends who loved him, but could he endure to subsist the idle dependent on goodness to which it would always pain him to have recourse? In a miserable degraded state, to suffer youth and life to glide away, without pleasure, without advantage? Not only useless but burthensome? Youth, pride, honor, revolted at the idea, and Frederic resolved as his former prospects had vanished, to pursue some new plan of life, in which the present of Cecilia might assist him; and at length he might be enabled to forget the cruelty of his situation, and defy the power of fortune.

Occupied in such reflections Frederic joined his friends, and partook of their breakfast; he read the letter of Cecilia to them, and shewed them what he had received. Sally immediately began extoling the goodness of that young lady, and congratulating Frederic upon it; but her son very little pleased by the surliness of his manner, reminded Frederic of his former behaviour in the hay-field.

3

"Well, Sir," said he, "what do you mean to do?"

"I think that this will support me awhile, until I can apply to my friend, Mr. George Dalby, if possible, to procure me a small commission in the Army, as they have great connexions."

"Your friend is he, Sir? I wish I could meet your friend, then."

"And why so?"

"Oh! no matter, Sir, he should soon know why."

Frederic comprehended his meaning, but went on,

"I have no doubt of his assisting me, to the utmost of his power."

"Very like: but pray Sir, if it is not making too bold, what are you to live on in the army?"

"Live upon? my pay certainly."

"Well, I an't qualified to be judge to be sure; but I always thought officers lived very grandly."

"Not the ensigns I should think; but I have no alternative, I can do nothing else."

"Yes, but you might if you would."

"Aye what?"

"Why it might seem rather hard to you, being a gentleman, but if you would go and be such a one as I, you would be happier than being obliged to that friend of yours. And," continued he, altering his tone, "if you would, Sir, I would shew you all I know, I am sure and then you need care for nobody."

"I thank you," cried Frederic smiling, "but that will never do: No, no, no, I am low, to be sure, but to be a ploughman!—heavens what would Cecilia, what would Mrs. Montague think of me?"

"Oh! well, Sir, I only spoke, I hope no offence; but you do as you please, and I must go to my place; good bye to you."

He was going in great haste, but Frederic called him back.

"Well, Sir," said he, "and what do you want?"

"Only to thank you, Will, for your kindness to me, and to say to you —"

"Oh! thank you for your thanks, fare you well, Sir," and he left the house.

Sally, whose mouth had been opened to speak during the whole of this conversation, but had been prevented as often as she had attempted it, now apologised for her son's incivility, assuring him, it was only his way, and that he meant nothing.

Frederic although surpris'd and shocked at it, begged her to make no apology, as his obligations to Will were too great to allow him to resent any thing he said : he then asked for pen and ink—Sally told him she would borrow both, which she immediately did, and Frederic wrote as follows.

Oct. 11, 1792.

DEAR GEORGE,

“ I have a favor to request of you, on which the happiness of my life depends. — Various circumstances prevent my remaining at Montague-Hall, and I wish much to enter the army; as I know your great intimacy with General —, I doubt not you will have the kindness to make interest with him to procure me a pair of colours : if your success is probable, I will trouble you to send me a
line

line, directed to me at East Tilbury, near Tilbury fort, (as I am at present travelling) and I will immediately wait upon you. Do not be surprised, I will explain all when we meet, and you will find how much I rely on your friendship. I remain,

Your's sincerely,

F. O. M.

Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Dalby.

Frederic little reflected how inadequate was the sum he now possessed to the expences necessary to the plan he proposed. He waited with impatience for an answer to his letter. Day after day however passed, without his receiving that satisfaction; he inquired frequently at the next post town, but to no purpose, and November was begun, when, at last the wished for letter arrived.

Frederic broke it hastily open, and read the following words:

“ Mr. Dalby is extremely surprised at the very extraordinary application made to him; and is very sorry to observe, that the slight acquaintance

acquaintance subsisting between himself and General —, by no means authorizes the liberty of requesting so great a favor."

London, October 31.

Frederic read this note with the utmost amazement, it fell from his hands: casting up his eyes, "Good God!" he exclaimed, "is it possible? Is this the friendship you promised? Oh! George, could I have sent you such a letter? Such an answer to so small a favor? And could the sensible, the penetrating Delaval have been deceived so much? Delaval, who never would have answered me so: but I am now undone indeed, I scarce may say I have one friend alive! This is worse than all."

Frederic felt a tear rise to his eye; but indignation suppressed it. He paused—he reflected on Cecilia, her kindness and unaltered affection, and his heart swelled with tenderness and gratitude—to apply to her was now his only resource, and it was certain, that if she would not afford him assistance, yet she might at least advise him how to act."

His

His letter was short, and merely expressed his situation, his intentions, his application, and its success; he then directed it, under cover, to Jenny, as the only proper or even safe mode of conveyance. While he awaited the answer, his mind was not idle; he meditated upon several schemes, which his fancy suggested, but rejected every one upon maturer consideration:—The sea, the army, and the plough, alone lay before him. Separation from his country, and his love, perhaps eternal, concurred with many motives, to make him reject the two first plans, and with regard to the other, the plough, although no very material objection occurred, yet that pride which had been nourished in his heart from his birth, arose against the idea; besides that, the account of the disappointed and miserable Delaval, had raised disgust the most unjust and insuperable against the inferior order of mankind; besides his inexperience in the affairs of husbandry would render him not only ridiculous but useless; and of course it would be absurd to pursue the plan.

Frederic then determined to await the advice

vice of Cecilia. At the end of a few days he received a small note in an unknown hand; he broke it open, it contained the following words.

“ Sir,

“ Miss Cecilia being now certain, as well as the rest of us, that all that was said of you was true, doesn't choose to write to you any more, nor yet to receive your letters, so she begs she mayn't be troubled with them: and methinks you might employ your time better than scribbling now you've got your bread to get; for my part, I advise you to look out for a service, or something of that kind; but however, that's no affair of mine.

So no more at present from

Your humble servant,

JANE FREEMAN.”

A cold chill came over the heart of Frederick as he read; the big drops stood on his forehead—he trembled—his lips lost their sensation—and when he had concluded, he stared with unmeaning eyes a moment, then a sudden idea crossed his mind, his letter had been intercepted and this was a forgery. He
looked

looked again, but an agony like the shock of electricity struck upon his senses, when in the two first words, 'Miss Cecilia,' he too certainly recognised the hand of his cousin; and this must have been done for the purpose of preventing his cherishing the very hope he had conceived.

He arose, he struck his forehead with his clenched fist, and uttered a piercing groan. Thoughts ran rapidly through his mind—he tried every way to account for, to excuse such conduct, but in vain: the noble, the amiable character of Celia, sunk from his opinion as an idle illusion, and all her former severity, all her satire returned to his mind with exaggerated bitterness. Thus conceiving her unworthy of his esteem, his mind arose superior to his misfortune.

"Then," he exclaimed, "I will be a friend to myself."

Anger, pride, and contempt, restored his spirits; that courage which the injured innocent feel, made him look forward to what he might suffer with coolness. The constant tenderness of Emma which he doubted not, cheered

cheered his melancholy prospects, and inspired him with fortitude, and he whose mind had been torn by trifling inconvenience and vexation, now disappointed, deserted, almost friendless, destitute, and helpless, arose superior to his situation, and looking up to God and to his own hands for support, he grieved no longer; he designed not even to suffer a recollection of the base falshood of his friends to return to his mind.

“And I,” said he, “so flattered, so caressed, so seemingly beloved, must find no friend in all the world but a poor, despised, illiterate clown, with no principle but what nature implanted, and no more cultivation than the horses he drives.”

To this one friend, however, he resolved to go, to shew him the treatment he had met with, and even to request advice with regard to his future conduct; for if Will possessed not knowledge, sincerity at least was his; for no interest, no motive but the honest rectitude of uncorrupted nature could have prompted him to offer his little all to assist one, from whom he had then so little to hope.

Chadwell,

Chadwell, whither the young man was gone, lay in his way as he returned ; as Frederic had been obliged to come to Graies to inquire for his letter. He found the young man easily upon inquiry, and after answering several questions about his mother, he went on in the following manner.

“ You have saved me, Will, from the water, from death, from everlasting misery, that I might learn how false are all mankind, how little compassion, how little those may expect who have lost the goods of fortune ; and now I almost wish you had not saved me.”

“ Oh ! Sir, don’t talk so.”

“ Ah ! you know not how bitterly I have been wounded ; how hard it was, that when I loved others so sincerely, none have ever loved me so. I could have borne any thing but to be deceived, to be deserted by those who were so dear to me ; but I despise them, I wish not, I care not for their love ; judge if I have reason.”

He then related his application to George and Cecilia, and read the answer of the former.

His

His heart sickened at the vulgar brutality of the return his application to Cecilia had received, and he dared not trust his voice to read it,—it was a punishment even to look at it again. He contented himself with explaining its contents. The young man listened with an appearance half of anger, half of pleasure.

“Well then, Mr. Frederic,” said he, “you will at last, I hope, do as I advised you, and care for none of them.”

“What,” said Frederic, “then am I quite alone—will no eye weep for me when I suffer? will no hand support me? will no friend smile again upon me while I live, or mourn for me when I am no more? how was I once looked upon as the comfort of many a heart! and if but the slightest grief appeared upon my brow, how many a heart would ache? Now I am quite forgotten as if I had never been; and must my hands softened, my person enervated by sloth and by indulgence, be forced to labour all the day; to bear the heat of summer, the wintry cold, without hope, but to gain a scanty subsistence, without

out

out end but with my life; and before that life shall close, to wear out perhaps a miserable old age, despised, neglected, indigent: Perhaps—heavens!” continued he, shuddering, “perhaps to pass the evening of my life in some loathsome workhouse, cursing my miserable hours away, and, worst of all, never, never to look upon my love again! — For how can I dare to look upon her when so fallen, so low? Oh! Will, Will, why did you not let me go to that rest I would have sought? No change, no cruelty, no falsehood, no malice, no ingratitude, could ever there have troubled me again.”

Frederic faltered; his fortitude shaken by the frightful picture his imagination had drawn, almost forsook him.

“Oh! Mr. Frederic,” said the man, “do not put the worst face upon things: must not every one of us poor fellows suffer all that you have said? But indeed it is not so: don’t think that nobody but the rich are happy, and why should you think you are not able to work? what young man is stronger or lustier than you? and when you are used

to it you will not mind it. Then be of comfort, Sir, our life is not so hard as you think. While we are young, and have our health, we can always keep ourselves, and never need care for any body; and then, when we grow old, we have one friend you know, Sir, who will not forsake you; one that neither you nor I have seen. But you must not think of being parted from Miss Emma—she will never forsake you I know, and her old uncle cannot live for ever.”

Frederic could not but be pleased with the arguments of his friend; but although he had often acknowledged in his mind their justice, and hoped he could submit to labour for subsistence—yet that pride which had been nourished in his heart from infancy, made it revolt against the degradation, and although he admired both the principles and actions of Will, yet he felt that in such society where he should meet with manners, expressions, and ideas so different from his own, he could not be happy—but in a little while his small stock of money would be exhausted, and then he had no alternative.

Frederic's

Frederic's good sense convinced him of the absurdity of not submitting with patience to what was now almost unavoidable necessity; and his mind strong and elevated, would not suffer him to reject a plan which prudence suggested, merely because it was opposed by inclination. Yet, before it could be fixed, he wished to consult with Emma—to learn her sentiments, to be certain he should not be degraded, in her eyes—an idea to which no consideration could reconcile him; but if, on the contrary, she should not object (which he thought the most probable) he determined to sacrifice pride, inclination, every thing, and submit to necessity with decency, fortitude and cheerfulness.

“And what,” said he at length, breaking silence, “what if I could undertake what you recommend, should I do now? who will employ me?”

“Any body, Sir—but if you will do as I say, it is very easy, Christmas is near, I shall leave this place, because it does not suit me, and then we will go and look for one together.”

“Could

“ Could not we live near L——?” said Frederic.

“ Very likely if you wish it .”

“ Then I will do as you say—you will go with me to L—— at Christmas?”

“ I will, Sir, and shew you all I know : you will soon learn it I dare say, and when you are used to it, you will not mind it; besides, I dare say it will not be long—only I think you will be glad to shew some folks that you can live without their help.”

This last sentence pleased Frederic exceedingly—it aroused his old ideas of independence, and this almost reconciled him to his prospects. Thanking the young man heartily, and telling him not to forget Christmas, he returned to East Tilbury.

As he walked along Frederic found his mind lightened :—he accused himself of ingratitude to that Being, who had given him youth, strength, and at least one faithful friend; and he repented of the melancholy repining he had been guilty of, which his better judgment could not but condemn as unmanly and unreasonable.

Frederic had little to amuse his solitude: a small Anacreon, which had been his constant companion, had fortunately been in his pocket, but was much injured by the wet; it was however, now his sole consolation, and the sole means he possessed of beguiling the most gloomy of all the months. Sally, with whom he resided, by her constant cheerfulness and good nature pleased and soothed his unhappy feelings, when they intruded themselves, and Frederic awaited the time when he was to revisit L—— with tolerable patience.

CHAP. V.

EARLY in the morning of Christmas eve Frederic and his companion departed once more to visit L——, and to see those who in the world were now the dearest to him. The morning was beautiful and frosty, and Frederic felt his spirits unusually high; but
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the distance being great, weariness compelled them so often to rest upon the road, that it was not until the afternoon that they arrived at the door of Mrs. Nevil.

Frederic knocked, with a beating heart, and waited with the most cruel impatience. It was opened by a female, but to the amazement and disappointment of Frederic and his companion it was in vain they endeavoured to recognise the features of Nancy in the stranger.

"Is Mrs. Nevil at home?" demanded Frederic.

"Mrs. Nevil! — no."

"No, where is she then?"

"Gone, many and many a mile; I don't know where."

"And is Miss Nevil with her?"

"No."

"Where is she then?"

"Lord you axes so many questions; why, with her uncle at E——, I suppose."

"Good God!" exclaimed Frederic, "but, young woman, tell me—explain—how does this happen? what has been the cause?"

"What argues your axing me? how can I tell? As to Miss, I suppose she's well enough off, if a good husband can make her so."

"A good husband!" repeated Frederic, his blood curdling.

"Aye, a good husband—why Mr. Haywood is going to be married to her—'tis all the talk—nay, for that matter they may be married by now."

"Oh! God give me patience!" exclaimed Frederic striking his head; "married! married to Haywood! It cannot be, it cannot be."

"Why look there now!" said the girl, "here you comes axing me all manner of out-of-the-way questions, so as I can't resolve you, and then you won't believe what I says; I am sure tis no concern of mine, nor your's neither."

"Pray, young woman," said Frederic, endeavouring to conceal the anguish which wrung his heart, "do you live at this house?"

"Aye certainly."

"And pray what is become of Nancy Cowslip?"

"Oh

"Oh! cried the girl, with a malicious giggle, "some folks I suppose can tell better than I, according to the talk."

Frederic turned round to his companion, whose ruddy countenance was changed as pale as death; striding up to the girl, he took both her wrists, and fiercely demanded what she meant.

"You had best leave me alone fellow!" cried the girl.

"Come, come, Polly," said Will, "you know I know you of old; but none of your lies now if you please!"

"I don't care for what you say, but 'tis very well known she's gone off, and her gentleman, to be sure; aye, he, Will, as gave her the fortune—you know on't as well as I—I dares to say he's got her a place."

Will let fall her hands at once. "Come along, come along, Sir," said he, "if we stay here we shall be mad."

Frederic, who now doubted every thing he had heard, from the manner in which the last improbability had been uttered, was going to insist on an explanation, when the

girl bursting into a fit of laughter, shut the door, and fastened it on the inside.

“Will,” said Frederic, in a despondent tone, “we have come a long way to meet with sorrow and disappointment. Vain, idle, were our hopes; bitter is our despair. I have known much sorrow lately, but never till now did I feel so sick at heart. But let us go—I know not whither indeed—there is not even a shelter for us from the night—we are deserted of all the world, but we must be friends, the miserable should unite.”

“Well, Mr. Frederic,” said Will, “if the world has deserted us we must not care for it. I did love Nancy—no girl half so well; but her gentleman may please her better, and it is not she shall make me unhappy: what do I care for her? or any of them? and yet who would have thought it, after all that she said? but as to shelter, I hope we can buy a night’s lodging, and next week let us go to work and forget all this, and begin the world afresh.”

“It is indeed idle to grieve,” said Frederic; “the sun will shine as bright, the fields will look as gay as ever, and, in a few years
the

the remembrance of the life I have passed will be but as a dream."

Frederic uttered a deep sigh, and turned from the house: he paused a moment at the beloved stile, where a few months ago he had exchanged vows of love with his Emma. He kissed the little circlet of hair; he gazed fondly at the house, until a tear of bitterness and regret filled his eye, and as it fell he turned to his companion and walked hastily away.

After a long silence, observing Will leading the way to B——, Frederic declared he would not go there, as he could not endure the sight of a place which his better days had known; both therefore repaired to a small public house, by the road side.

Here for a few days he remained concealed, during which time he procured a proper habit for his new occupation, and then both proceeded northward in search of a situation.

War, which had long been expected, was now shortly about to be declared between France and England, and recruiting parties

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universally

universally paraded the country. It was the fortune of Frederic and his companion to meet one of these when they had walked a considerable way; they appeared uncommonly riotous, the evident effects of intoxication; and no sooner did they observe the two young men than making a halt they called to them.

"Come, my lads," cried the serjeant, "go along with us, and there's ten guineas down to serve under Captain ——."

"Yes, but we don't want your money, nor yet your ribbons, and so you may walk on," said Will.

"Come, don't be a fool, leave your plough tail and come and be a gentleman like us; aye, my boys, fight for King George, and serve under our gallant captain ——."

"Serve under the devil," cried the other angrily, "get along, foldier, we don't want to have any thing to do with you."

"Well come, if you'll go to the Ship, I'll treat you with what you like."

"We want none of you liquor, and none of your company, so go along."

The serjeant strutting up to him, demanded with a fierce air, if he knew to whom he spoke.

"Aye," answered the other, in an undaunted voice.

"And who do you take me for, you rascal?"

"For a blackguard," returned the other.

The irritated soldier raised his bayonet to level the bold ploughman to the earth, but Will dexterously eluded the blow, and Frederic, who had walked slowly on too much absorbed in thought to observe what passed, now turning round, and seeing the danger of his friend, flew to his assistance. Seizing the serjeant (who had again raised his musquet) by the collar, with one wrench he threw him to the ground; but the whole party were now in array against them. Frederic and Will however exerted themselves with courage and strength, and attacked all the assailants for a short time with success, when a sudden blow on the back of the neck, levelled Frederic with the earth.

When he recovered his recollection, he found himself in a mean room, surrounded by strangers. But what were his feelings when on looking in the face of the person who supported him, he recognised the honest countenance of young Haywood.

“Good God!” cried Frederic faintly, “Mr. Haywood!”

“Compose yourself, Sir,” whispered that young man, “nobody knows you here except myself; and notwithstanding what you may suppose,” continued he with a sigh, “I am glad to see you alive—how are you now?”

“I thank you, Sir, I am better; but where is Will?”

“Will who?”

“Will Freeman, was he not with me?”

“No: you lay alone and bleeding on the highway; I knew you in your altered dress, and —”

“Well, Mr. Haywood, I thank you, you took me up then? It was very kind—but poor Will, what is become of him? He was the only friend I had left.”

“Well,

"Well, Frank," said another young man who advanced, "how is the poor young fellow now? what think you, Mr. Tomkins?"

"Why really Sir," answered a little dapper man, "I should hope he may do very well, that is to say with proper attention; as I should observe, a slight blow or contusion on the occiput, which immediately falling on the nervous system, ——"

"Psha! damme, don't talk all that nonsense to us, Doctor: But what would you have done, now you know Frank Haywood and I shall bear you harmless?"

"Certainly, Mr. Danby, you and Mr. Haywood are very good, and I shall certainly acquit myself to the utmost of my ability: the young man must be kept quiet, and in the evening I will call again, and take away a little more blood, and bring a mixture."

"Mix as much as you like, but in God's name take no more blood away," said Mr. Danby, "why the fellow has lost a pint almost already, and what would you have?"

"Mr. Tomkins," said Haywood, "I believe you have executed your duty; we shall

have no occasion to trouble you any farther."

"Oh! no trouble Sir, your generosity I may rely on."

"No doubt," said Frederic, "but I am indebted to the goodness of these gentlemen, and I shall not tax their benevolence, as I believe it is in my power to recompence you Sir, for your trouble, by which I find myself perfectly recovered."

Frederic felt in his pocket, but to his inexpressible confusion he found he had been stripped of every thing. It was like a thunderbolt!—he wished to shrink into himself, to hide his confusion, which being observed by Haywood,

"Be not distressed, Sir," whispered he. "Well, young man," continued he aloud, "you have been robbed, but it does not signify; Darby, I know this young man now, and I remember I am in his debt."

"Mr. Haywood," exclaimed Frederic, "is it possible? this must not be; my watch too, is that lost?"

"No, Sir, it fell, I suppose, unobserved,

as

as it lay by you on the road entangled in your coat."

Danby looked astonishment. "Keep it then, generous man," cried Frederic, "and give it as a last remembrance to her, whom noble sentiments, like yours alone, can deserve; to her who has forgotten me! and, Haywood, be not jealous, if it sometimes should recall the memory of Frederic."

As he pronounced these words he looked eagerly on his finger, and to his inexpressible delight he discovered the circlet had not been taken from him. Many different expressions were visible in the face of Haywood, each striving for utterance, but he continued silent.

"A delirium!" said Tomkin very coolly.

"A delirium," cried Danby, "why I think Haywood's light headed too. Why, Frank, what a fool you look like; and what's this fine watch? you hid that."

"It is easily explained, Sir," said Frederic, "that watch was my mother's, was mine, and now it belongs to Mr. Haywood."

"Indeed, indeed it is unnecessary," said Haywood, take it back I beg of you."

"You are right," cried Frederic, in a hurried voice, and seizing it, "Oh! Emmeline! Emmeline! shall I part with the last, the only remembrance of your dear form?"

The figure of his mother was on the case, and her dying hands had given it in charge to Sally Freeman.

"Well for my part," said Danby, "I think you're all mad, Doctor and all; for he seems to have lost his wits. Well, Doctor Tomkins, there's for your trouble, the rest I must leave to you, Frank, for I must be going".

Then putting some money into the hands of Tomkins, he went away, and the little gentleman followed.

Frederic and Haywood were now left alone, and both continued for some time in silence, which after much hesitation and confusion was broken at length by Haywood.

"I have been in search of you a long time, Mr. Montague," said he, "as I had something to communicate to you of consequence."

"To me, Sir?"

"Yes, you must excuse my impertinence, but as I am deputed —"

“Deputed!” exclaimed Frederic, starting,
“from whom?”

“From Miss Nevil.”

“Mr. Haywood,” cried Frederic trembling, “I am under obligations to you, very great ones, I must be always grateful; but pardon me, on that subject we must not speak.”

“Yet hear me, Sir, for the sake of your own happiness.”

“My happiness,” cried Frederic warmly, “to you must be indifferent, and to establish it is equally out of your power and inclination.”

“No, Sir, out of neither;” cried Haywood, half angrily, “but if you will not hear it for your own sake, at least you will condescend to do so for that of Miss Nevil.”

“For Miss Nevil’s happiness I will do any thing, and you need explain no farther, I understand you sufficiently: she is free, I no longer controul her: as I have lost my power over her heart, she shall not be fettered by her honor.”

Frederic took the circlet from his finger,

and looking at it, sighed deeply; feeling his eyes fill with tears, he continued in a hurried tone, "take it, Sir, to her; by this she will know that nothing binds her inclination. But leave me, you will be happy—I certainly ought to wish you so—but do not punish me with the sight."

Frederic would have left the room, but his loss of blood had considerably impaired his strength, and his spirits so violently exerted, wholly deserted him, he sunk exhausted and almost fainting on a seat. The generous Haywood flew to his assistance; he rung the bell; inquiring if Mr. Tomkins was gone, and understanding the contrary, desired him to be called.

"What's the matter, my good Sir?" said he, smiling and bowing as he entered, "Oh! I see, aye this is nothing but what I expected, what we of the faculty call—a hem! a slight degree of *syncope*, or fainting, that is occasioned by a —"

"We'll thank you, Sir, to defer your explanation," said Mr. Haywood, "it is evidently occasioned by your profuse bleeding;

I sent for you therefore to prescribe something to restore his strength, which is exhausted."

"On that head I must beg leave to know best my good Sir," said the little man, pulling up his neckcloth; "I shall prescribe a diluting mixture."

"It is very well, Sir; I find I am mistaken," said Haywood, "but as I am rather obstinate, I will not trouble you any farther."

"If you'll leave him to my mother, Master Haywood," said the landlord, who had followed the little Doctor, "she can do more for him than our Doctor, who, I believe, is determined to bleed him to death."

"You are an insolent, impertinent, ignorant fellow," said Tomkins, bustling up to him, "but I dare say Mr. Haywood knows better than to mind you."

An altercation began, to which Haywood put an immediate stop, by desiring both to leave the room, and to send the Mistress of the house. Frederic meanwhile was somewhat recovered.

"Why will you devise misery for yourself Sir," said Haywood, "my message from Miss Nevil —"

"Spare me, Mr. Haywood, I entreat you," said Frederic faintly, "you should be satisfied : let us change the subject, you have not yet informed me where I am."

"I will not distress you, Sir, but if you will allow me to see you in a few days, I will bring the message in writing, or rather a long letter for you, which unfortunately I have not with me, although I have for some time had the charge of it."

"Miss Nevil might have known me better," said Frederic, again exerting himself to rise, "than to have supposed it necessary to take so much trouble to write to a wandering outcast, merely to obtain a freedom which one word must ensure to her ; but I wish to hear no more of it !" continued he sharply, "you and Miss Nevil have your desire, and you have not answered my question."

Haywood looked grieved and angry, but answered, "you are at West H—."

"And at whose house?"

"At a public one."

The mistress then entered. "To your charge," said Haywood, "I commit this unfortunate

fortunate young man; you will, I hope, see every attention paid him, and on the day after to-morrow you will see me again."

"But," said the woman, "Doctor Tomkins has behaved very ill; he has drank a great deal, and now he insists upon it you are to pay."

"Oh! by all means," said Haywood, "any thing to get rid of him. Mr. Montague, if you would listen to me, you would be happier; but I shall insist no farther, and will take my leave."

"Indeed, Mr. Haywood," said Frederic, "you should not be offended that I cannot suffer this subject to be spoken upon, especially by you: but for your kindness to me I must ever be grateful, and return you all I have in my power to bestow, my good wishes and my prayers—farewell, Sir."

Haywood bowed and left the room: the hostess, who had prepared a bed, after offering him a cordial, advised Frederic to take some repose, to which he gladly assented, although it was yet scarce mid-day. In the evening he arose refreshed and perfectly recovered

covered. And now was his fate darker than ever it had been before! Gradually he had been sinking down the vale of misery, and at length he seemed to touch the lowest depth. His last hope was gone; that humble yet honest friend, who, when forsaken by all besides, had yet protected and adhered to him, was now either inhumanly murdered, or unfriended and desolate, wasting hours of anguish alone, un comforted; and his figure covered with wounds and expiring, presented itself to the imagination of Frederic: he sighed and shuddered, then recommended him to the God of mercies, and returned thanks for his own preservation.

Thus sunk, thus hopeless, Frederic repined not—the consciousness that he could fall no lower inspired him with courage to struggle with the cruelty of his fate. His first wish was to seek for the unfortunate Will: but it was already dark, and, if alive, he was doubtless far beyond his knowledge, or his reach; but even for the present, he possessed not the means of subsistence, and it was now too late to attempt obtaining employment. This difficulty,

ficulty, however, might be overcome, the hostess he hoped would give him credit until he had earned sufficient to pay her: his heart for a moment sickened at the thought—the grandson of Montague to be reduced to depend for one night's subsistence on the charity of a poor ale-house-keeper, deeply cut that pride which was far from annihilated by misfortune. With a great effort, however, he repressed the painful idea, and went in search of the mistress.

The shame, awkwardness, and embarrassment, which he felt, were quickly dispersed by the cordial smile with which the poor woman met him.

“Well, my lad,” said she, “and how are you now?”

“You are very kind,” said Frederic, “I am perfectly recovered, and I am much indebted to your humanity; but I am sorry to say it will not, I fear, be in my power to repay you.”

“Oh Lauk, young man,” said she, “don't concern yourself about that, for as to paying me, Mr. Haywood has done that over and over.”

"Mr. Haywood?" cried Frederic.

"Yes, yes, so that's done with. But here, now I think of it, he left you this parcel, which he says belongs to you."

Frederic took it from her hands, and inquired how long Mr. Haywood had been gone. Four hours and a half was the answer.

"Well, let me tell you," continued the hostess, "you have fallen into good hands; but to be sure Mr. Haywood speaks very well of you, and so, young man, I hope you'll stay at the Ship, till you're quite over this, and as to what you have, you're welcome to call for what you like, and so come down stairs."

"I thank you," said Frederic, "but my present wish is to get some employment, by which I might earn sufficient to live without being indebted to Mr. Haywood."

"Well, well," said the woman, "you must come down to my son-in-law, I dare say he can tell you of some work."

Frederic told her he would be with them presently, and then retired to open the packet; it contained a letter, and a bank note of considerable value. A sensation equally new
and

and painful struck upon his heart, at this unexpected generosity; and while he admired the noble sentiments of his rival, he resolved not to profit by them, but to return it by the first opportunity. The letter he had not courage to open; he doubted not but it was a long palliation of the conduct of Miss Nevil, in discarding him, and a wish to be released from her promise; upon examining it, he felt a something inclosed, which upon further inspection had the appearance of a ring; this was a confirmation, and he doubted not but that it was that which he had in happier days exchanged with her, for the valued circlet of hair which he had delivered to Haywood. So ingenious are those who love, to invent causes of uneasiness, and jealousy seldom waits to reason ere it draws conclusions, which scarcely the clearest truth can over-rule.

Unjustly, ungratefully, execrating the lovely Emma, and his generous rival, Frederic hurried the letter into his pocket, and dashing the bank note from him, could scarce refrain from tearing it to atoms. "Wretch!" he exclaimed, "does he think to buy my
right

right to her affections because I am so poor, so unfriended? Ungenerous girl! could you employ him thus?" He hurried down, and declaring to the hostess that he would no longer be obliged to Mr. Haywood, called for a sheet of paper, and wrapping up the note, directed it to him; then desiring the woman to consider him in her debt, and insisting upon leaving his watch in earnest for the payment, he left the house, and turned short to the right, as the first road which presented itself.

CHAP. VI.

THE night was dark and cloudy; a bleak and frosty wind blew bitterly against the face of Frederic; the owl hooted at a distance, and added to the awful melancholy of the dim prospect around him. It was some time before the reflection of Frederic would suffer him to contemplate the comfortless scene;

at

at length he paused and looked around,— he listened to the melancholy notes, and when they ceased, the hollow sighing of the wind through the leafless trees seemed in distant voices to remind him of the days which were gone, and to tell him of the evils of the future. Frederic felt a wild awe steal upon him, his mind arose above his situation, and dwelt on him for comfort, from whom alone true comfort comes; that great and powerful friend whom no change, no chance, no fortune, can take away; the refuge of the miserable, the guardian of those whom all the world rejects. “And he will not desert me,” cried Frederic, with warmth, “I am now as dear to him as when in the midst of riches; it is he who has ordained me to suffer, but though depressed for awhile he will not suffer me to fall for ever!”

A sigh arising from a sensation far different from grief, escaped him as he spoke; he felt comforted and reassured; his pace redoubled although he knew not whither he was going.

A long and weary way had Frederic gone, now pelted by the driving sleet, now pinched

by the cutting blast, his arm and neck equally paining him, when unable to endure his fatigue, he sat down awhile to rest: presently he was startled by the sound of a horse; it approached him, and Frederic just perceiving a man riding by him, called to him aloud.

“Hollo, who calls?” cried the man.

“A friend,” answered Frederic; “which is the way to Burnham?”

“You are right now,” answered the other.

“And where are you going?”

“Home.”

“Where do you live?”

“At Thomas Yelverton’s.”

“How far off is that?” said Frederic, rising.

“We are close by,” said the other.”

“Do you know if he wants a man?”

“What are you after a place?”

“Yes.”

“Then I know he does, so come along with me, I’ll shew you the way; but what part of the country do you come from?”

“From East Tilbury.”

“Oh!

“ Oh! I know East Tilbury, I came from there.”

“ Indeed, what is your name then?”

“ John Williams.”

“ What the brother of Will Freeman?”

“ Aye, what do you know Will Freeman? Oh! well, I’m certain you may get the place, so come with me.”

Frederic gladly consented; he resolved however to keep his name concealed from this young man, which since he had discovered this knowledge of his brother, was very difficult, as a multitude of questions succeeded, to which Frederic merely answered that he knew nothing of the present situation of that young man; but his uneasiness was increased, his worst conjectures being confirmed by those inquiries, since, if Will had been alive and in health, he would no doubt have seen his brother since the unfortunate accident in the morning.

He walked on silently until they arrived at the house, which appeared large and antique, but was extremely neat within side, where an assemblage of chearful countenances appeared around a blazing hearth.

Had any of the former friends of Frederic seen him at this moment, they would scarce have recognised him, dressed in a coarse countryman's habit, his face pale and haggard, his hair, which had long since forgotten the torturing irons, had its natural curls, laden with sweat, a coarse silk-handkerchief was tied round his neck, from which another depended as a sling, on which his wounded arm rested. Yet, through all these disadvantages the handsome, the elegant figure of the son of Emmeline was conspicuous; and the mild dignity of patient fortitude and manly resignation, shone in his eye.

His appearance caused a general disturbance in the party; a venerable matron, who seemed in the midst of some merry tale, suddenly stopped and setting aside the candle, and raising her spectacles, looked at him in wonder, the rest soon followed her example; when a voice, from behind a cloud of smoke, inquired who he was, and what he wanted?"

"I wished to speak with Mr. Yelverton," said Frederic.

The

The person who had inquired now laid down his pipe, and discovered a florid countenance, in which mirth and drowsiness seemed to contend for superiority.

"Well, and what may you want with Mr. Yelverton?" said he.

"I should thank you to introduce me to him, as I wish to speak to him on business."

"Why then you may call in the morning, for I do no business to night."

"But is he at home?"

"There's a fool," cried the other, turning to the man who sat next him, "to ask a man if he's at home, when he sees him before his face."

"I beg your pardon, Sir, I did not know you," said Frederic, "but I wanted employment; and this young man gave me to understand that with you I might meet with it."

"Oh! you want work, do you."

"No," said John, "he wants to let himself, for what I can understand: an't it so, young man?"

"I really do not understand you," said Frederic, "but I wish to be servant to Mr. Yelverton."

Yelverton now looked at him from head to foot, and then inquired what was the matter with his arm; which being explained, he bade him follow him into another room.

"Well, my lad," said he, as soon as they were alone, "I suppose you have come after my *undermate's* place?"

Frederic stared.

"And I dare say," continued he, "you and I shall agree."

"I hope we shall, Sir," said Frederic.

"What I suppose you are a good hand at work: what can you do?"

"Any thing you please."

"Well, I suppose you can plough tolerably?"

"I am afraid not."

"No!—well that's bad: what you never did much of that?"

"No, Sir, really."

"Well, but you are a good hand at looking after horses? whose did you go with last year?"

"I never went with horses."

Yelverton

Yelverton began to laugh: "Perhaps then you have with cows?"

"No, Sir."

"Then you can hedge or ditch, or perhaps you can fall trees, or land-ditch; you can cut chaff, that is to say, you have always been at daywork?"

"No, Sir," said Frederic, "I can do none of those things; or rather I never heard of several of them."

"Then pray young man may I ask, what can you do?"

"Nothing."

"Then how came you to think of my place? Just now you could do any thing, and now I come to ask you, it turns out you can do nothing?"

"I will explain it to you Sir: I once knew better days; I had a friend who rendered it unnecessary for me to labour, that friend is gone, and now I have not a shilling in the world, nor any shelter from this night; I am willing to do any thing to live, if you, Sir, will but shew me the way."

"Young man I must say this is very odd, but pray who brought you up thus?"

"My uncle."

"What, he sent you to school, I suppose, instead of sending you to work, because he had heard that

'Learning was better than house and land.'

And now I suppose all you can do is to read, write, and cast accounts: well, and what is he dead, do you say?"

"No, Sir, he is not dead, but —"

"But I suppose he began to repent of his work, and so turned you out of doors."

"No, Sir, not on that account, but —"

"Oh! he did turn you out then, did he? Well, continued Yelverton, laughing and shaking his head, "it was'nt for your good deeds, I doubt; but, however, young folks will be young folks, and he should not have [turned you on the wide world, after he had spoiled you; but come, never mind, if you are but willing to work, and will mind and do as you should do, I'll soon put you in a way."

Frederic thanked him, and told him he should have no cause to complain.

"But your arm where you've been blood-ed you say," pursued Yelverton, "what's to be

be done with that? you cannot work now."

"Alas! no Sir, I fear it will not be in my power."

"Well, my lad, never mind, I like the looks of you, so you may stay here 'till it is well, and as you seem a decent lad, you shall not want a lodging to night: but what is your name?"

"Frederic Nevil."

Yelverton after asking a number of trifling questions besides, led him back to the room where the rest were assembled, and bade him sit down with them. Frederic shook the snow and wet from his cloaths, and seated himself by the fire, but felt very uncomfortable from the uninterrupted stare of the whole set, who now concluded he was hired; which however was soon cleared by Yelverton's declaring that they could not agree, and, in consequence, Frederic was to work with him by the day.

"Well, Fred," said Williams, "I think that's your name, what, did you leave East Tilbury to day?"

"No," answered Frederic.

"Well, but you came by L—, or B—, I suppose?"

"I came by L—."

"And did you hear any thing about the great 'squire's nephew? Why they tell me he's turned out of doors for being rather too busy with old mother Nevil's daughter; and they say the girl has run away since with Frank Haywood: she's a good one I'll warrant her."

"Villain!" cried Frederic, rising in a rage, but instantly repressing it.

"Come boy," cried Yelverton, "don't you learn to slander your betters; besides I won't believe any harm of Miss Nevil."

"Do you know Miss Nevil, Sir?" said Frederic eagerly.

"Aye, why she's your name-fake, no relation I suppose?"

Frederic blushed: "No certainly."

"O well, I know her well enough by hearsay; they tell me she is a very fine girl, and a good girl too, and upon my word I think she'll make Frank a good wife; for as

to the business with the young 'squire, I don't believe it; though certainly people do not give him the best of characters: but I forgot who it was that told me he was gone to the East Indies, or some such place, for nobody thinks the 'squire would turn him out of doors."

Frederic often changed colour, but was not observed. "You seem to know much about this affair, Sir?" said Frederic.

"Yes, Sir," said the other, "I had it from the Haywoods, we generally meet at Christmas, but did you hear any thing of it at L—?"

"Not a word," said Frederic.

"Then most likely it is all false?" said Yelverton.

The conversation then dropped, but it had made Frederic very uneasy, as he had hoped he had travelled beyond the reach of his name, or of that of his family, and he now repented his having confessed his christian name, and wondered at the stupidity of these people, who, notwithstanding the coincidence of circumstance, did not even suspect

him. But minds unaccustomed to exertion seldom reason upon probabilities, or take the trouble to investigate or inquire beyond immediate and obvious appearance: and, indeed, had the report gained absolute credit, scarcely open confession would have persuaded them to believe that so proud, so great a man, would suffer his nephew, on any account, or for any motive of displeasure, to be wholly destitute, or to be so reduced as to seek for common labour; and as the report of his having been sent to sea was far more probable, it gained much stronger credit.

In a few days Frederic felt himself perfectly well, and Yelverton performed his promise. Very awkward and very unpleasant did his new employment appear to Frederic; use, patience, and perseverance, however, in time, overcame the difficulty. His constant readiness and willingness gained him the entire good will of Yelverton, who encouraged him with the greatest generosity; and it was with the utmost delight Frederic found it in his power at the end of a short time to re-
deem

deem his beloved watch, without being indebted to Haywood. In the mean time Frederic did not forget the unfortunate Will: he inquired every where, and engaged John to do the same, but to no purpose, and unluckily he had forgotten the name of the Colonel mentioned by the serjeant, and was wholly ignorant of the uniform.

As Yelverton had not yet provided himself with a servant, and he had been much pleased with the manner and appearance of Frederic, he still wished him to undertake the place, and of course took much pains to teach him the use of the plough. Frederic could not avoid laughing at the ridiculous figure himself made; his ignorance and awkwardness afforded likewise general amusement: his natural strength and dexterity however overcame this difficulty, and in a short time his performance was far from contemptible. In this situation, low and miserable in appearance, Frederic felt peace and happiness returning fast to his bosom; taught by adversity to reflect, he felt the prejudice of education wearing away, and nothing but wounded

wounded pride, the idle pride of birth, could hurt him now.

The spring opened lovely upon him, the beauties of nature, always dear to him, were returning apace; with manly exertion he drove the sad reflection of the past away: With a cheerful heart he arose before the dawn, and led his horses to the field; as he drew the furrow, a proud reflection crossed his mind, he needed not now the kindness of Montague, he was raised above him, he was free, independent: let all the world now frown upon him, his own hands, with the goodness of providence, could support him. Another idea gave him yet greater pleasure: while the dependant orphan and the gentleman, he had hung an incumbrance on the world, useless, unvalued; but now he felt, with pride, his consequence, for he filled an useful, a truly respectable part in society: his companions indeed were ill suited to form any part of his comfort; their minds, the rich wilderness of Nature, produced her loveliest flowers indeed, but her rankest weeds had likewise never been controuled: honest,
friendly,

friendly, sincere, and disinterested, yet coarse, blunt, indecent, and often profligate, to the refined, the elegant mind of Frederic, their manners and conversation could not fail of giving frequent disgust. A bitter pang would sometimes wring his heart, when he reflected that this must be his lot for ever.

He was now almost wholly destitute of amusement: no books but his little Anacreon, (which the soldiers had not robbed him of) were within his reach; the harp, the oboe, and the flute, no longer sounded under his masterly hand; sad inanity seemed stealing on his understanding, and the sweet images of science and learning were fading fast from his mind. His situation recalled to his recollection those of Telemachus in Egypt, and of Saturn in Italy, and it occurred to him, that by pursuing their plan, he should at least find employment for his mind, if not be equally useful to others.

This romantic idea highly delighted the wild imagination of Frederic, and he set about it with avidity; his temper no longer cramped and soured by unkindness and ungenerous treatment

treatment, began to display its natural gentleness; he soon gained the affection of his comrades, and their esteem as quickly followed. He reasoned with, he persuaded them, and explained to them the duties of morality, of which they knew but little. His simple yet noble eloquence, his graceful manly expression, but above all, the obvious sincerity of his intentions, and the example himself shewed, gave force irresistible to his discourse: they listened to him as an oracle, and every one looked forward to the evening, when they would hear Fred talk, or sing, or teach them to read or write; by improving their manners, Frederic made his own situation far more comfortable; he was no longer shocked by indecency, or disgusted by brutality: his companions, who had erred principally from ignorance, soon learned to change their style, and imitate their instructor; divested of those odious colours, their manners, to the uncorrupted heart of Frederic, were pleasing from their simplicity; every pastoral tale which had delighted his youthful fancy, seemed realised, many ages seemed drawn back from
the

the abyss of time, and the ancient days of patriarchal simplicity restored.

The honest and good-natured Yelverton was delighted with his conduct—he offered him any wages he chose to ask, and generously promised to forget that nearly half the year was gone. Yet a thorn which no time could pluck out, remained in the heart of Frederic, and often when alone he attempted to raise a cheerful song, would suddenly check him, and goad him with the remembrance of what was past—Emma once had loved him, tenderly loved him, but her love was gone for ever; she was now but too probably the wife of another!—Often mad with impatience, he was on the point of tearing open the letter which had been left by Haywood; but a terror of having all he dreaded confirmed, withheld his hand, and he yet lingered on in sad uncertainty; and often, in spite of fatigue, he would watch and sigh away those hours which were appointed for sleep.

Every man has some bitter, some cruel, although perhaps hidden cause of anguish;
yet

yet, such is the happy forgetfulness of the human mind, that unless recalled by some present circumstance, it will often long lay as it were dormant, and suffer mirth and pleasure unalloyed to take place. Such was frequently the situation of Frederic; many days of cheerfulness and nights of repose he passed, and then by chance the letter attracted his notice, and his unhappiness returned; then when his work was done, he would retire alone, and taking out his watch, gaze on the lovely features of his mother, the sweet smile on her countenance gave him a sensation of unutterable delight; it seemed as if herself spoke comfort to him from heaven, and taught him resignation to ills far less than those herself had known; soothed and happy he would then return with a smiling countenance to his companions.

Thus passed the months of March and April, unmarked by any event, uniform, easy and tranquil, as the advance of nature, and every day serenity returned yet more and more to the bosom of Frederic.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

ABOUT two miles from Yelverton was another smaller farm, which was likewise held by him; and here his niece, Frederic understood resided. Thither he had never been; but having heard much of Miss Alicia Yelverton, and of the beauty of the situation, he was pleased when, in the month of May, his master desired him to go thither with a message to her, or rather to the head man there, about some arrangement of the business. It was generally reported that this young lady was beautiful, had some time resided in London with her mother, was now in the country for the establishment of her health, which was much injured by grief, with the cause of which nobody was acquainted, and that she kept almost entirely alone, and was always absorbed in melancholy.

This

This account had much excited the curiosity of Frederic, he was extremely impatient to see a person, whose story, imperfect as it was, was so interesting.

Having crossed many fields, he came to a forlorn looking place, which, although inclosed, had the appearance of a wild heath; near the centre stood a half-fallen brick building, from the corners of which several pieces of broken wall still projecting, indicated that its size had been much diminished. This had many years ago been the elegant residence of a gentleman of fortune, but had long since fallen in ruins. The part which remained seemed by the vast folding doorway which had obviously been bricked up, to have been the hall or principal entrance, and was now repaired and used as a barn by the neighbouring farmer: several ragged ash trees were scattered up and down the heath, and near the barn two elms grew in a peculiar manner; the roots were closely united, while the stems bowing out left an opening, which was again closed at the top by the branches. There was something inexpressibly dreary in
the

the appearance of the whole, and this, added to an old legend, had rendered the place an object of terror to the country people, inso-much that nobody would pass by West Barn after it was dark : the story was as follows.

In the reign of the cruel Mary, two persons who had resided here were burnt on account of their religion, and these elms, as was customary, had been planted on the spot where they had suffered ; the ghosts of these unfortunate persons were said to walk every night about those trees ; particularly one, who was a female ; and they were often heard to utter sad sounds, and seen to take strange shapes. All this had been circumstantially related to Frederic, with many confirming instances.

The sun was just setting when he passed the place, and as he surveyed its melancholy aspect, he could scarce wonder at the credit the story had obtained. Two small meadows gay and fragrant with the Orchis and the cow-slip, brought him to the house : it was a small neat cottage, overgrown with the honey-suckle and the sweetbriar.

Frederic

Frederic knocked at the door, and looking at the house as he thought to enter, regarded not the person who opened the door, who asked carelessly his business; but looking a moment in his face, screamed and repeated his name aloud, then threw her arms about his neck in a transport of delight. Frederic started back, and looking eagerly at the person,

“Nancy!” he exclaimed, “Good God! is it possible? Is it you?”

“Oh! yes, yes, Mr. Frederic, ’tis I sure enough: But how are you, Sir? and, Oh! where is Will?”

“I am well,” said Frederic, “but of Will I know nothing.”

“Know nothing? what an’t he with you? have you parted?”

“We have,” said Frederic, looking at her and sighing with pity, “but I will tell you more presently: is Miss Yelverton at home?”

“Aye, I believe so: but come in, Sir: Well, but you don’t say so? you an’t in earnest?”

“Indeed I am,” said Frederic.

Nancy

Nancy sighed deeply, and changed colour: then again inviting him in, Frederic followed her; fearing he should forget his message, he delivered it to the man whom he easily found, and then returned to Nancy. The poor girl was expecting him almost in tears.

“He’s well I hope, Sir?” said she.

“Who well?”

“Will, Sir, to be sure.”

“I hope he is,” said Frederic.

“You hope, Sir? when did you part?”

“In the winter:—but tell me, my little sister, your own history; your neighbours make very free with your character.”

“My neighbours may do as they please!” cried she, reddening, “but I don’t set any store by them, nor what they can say; and you, Sir, I know won’t believe them.”

“You know the reports, then?”

“No, Sir, but I can give a near guess at them.”

“Well, well, be assured they have gained no credit with me, but I must own I am very much surprised at your leaving the service of Mrs. Nevil.”

“Well,

"Well, Sir, if you'll have patience to listen, —"

"Before you go on," interrupted Frederic, "I must entreat you not to call me Sir, it is a title, in the first place which I have now certainly no right to; and in the next, it may betray me if you should be overheard: so remember that I am now plain Frederic Nevil."

"Nevil, Sir, I ask pardon; well, but what, did you tell him your name was Nevil?"

"Yes, why?"

"Why to be sure old Yelverton will find you out by that; you should not by all means have took that name."

"I knew not his acquaintance with the Nevils when I assumed it; and, as you must think, it was always uppermost in my thoughts; but I do not think that Yelverton suspects me."

"Then he must be a goose; for as to your clothes, that's nothing, you are no more like a ploughman to look at, than chalk's is to cheese! why I know'd you directly for all your smock frock. But no matter for that—

as

as I was going to tell you—after Will and you set off, nobody knew where, old Michaelmas night; and he went without so much as taking leave of me, I grew melancholy, and all the pleasure I had was to walk out late of an evening, all alone;—and then I walked along all the places where Will and I used to go together after church of a Sunday, along the wood side, and down by the brook, where he used to go to pick nuts for me, and we were so happy;—and then I talked to him as if he had been there, and thought so sadly how those days were gone by, and I should never see the like again; and then I caught the leaves, as they fell about me, in my apron, and sat down and cried over them,—for I thought they looked as forlorn as I, and so I sat till I quite shivered through; for it was cold windy weather then. Oh! Sir, I didn't mind that cold, that was nothing to me,—but my dear Will, that used to be so kind to me, had left me quite; and, to be sure, he doesn't like me now." Nancy sighed. "But what pleasure, thought I, have I to come now? I shall have no pleasure to go to the fair next

summer,—he won't go with me now, and give me things, and smile, and be so happy! —And then my heart felt quite sick, so I went home,—and poor Miss Emma was so kind to me, and tried to comfort me, though (God knows) she had need enough of it for herself, being as her case was as mine :—but I told her, says I, 'Now Will will never come again to me — but Mr. Frederic loves you, Miss—and you will see him once more for certain.' I was sorry to see how Miss Emma took this,—for in general she is all patience, and only cries of a night when she's all alone by herself, and when she used to think me asleep: but then she cast her eyes up, with such a look!—it went to my very heart. 'See him again!' said she, 'Oh! never! never!'—With such a sigh, it seemed to come from the bottom of her heart."

Frederic felt the tears rise to his eyes, he held his hands before them. "Did she say so?" said he, in a broken voice, "did my dear Emma say so?"

"Yes, Sir, indeed she did, and looked so pale,—but then she would always comfort me

me all she could, and tell me of patience and another world: but I used to ask her why she suffered herself, with such good thoughts in her head, to mourn away her life so as she did? ‘For,’ said I, ‘for certain Mr. Frederic loves you dearly, and whatsoever is his fortune, he’ll always think of you.’—She smiled so faintly, but so sweetly, that I shall never forget it. ‘And do you think, Nannette,’ said she, ‘that all my concern is for myself?—What may my poor Frederic have suffered by this time,—and of what use is my love to him? I cannot help him, I cannot relieve, nay, I cannot even know his distresses;—and if he does love me still, as much as ——Oh! how bitterly must he suffer:—my dear Nannette, you see, then, I have no comfort?’

“Did she say that?” exclaimed Frederic, his eyes glistening with rapture; “Did she feel for me?—Ah! then perhaps—but, Oh! how she is changed!—She does not love me now, she would not say so now!”

“Then, Sir, she must be a great deal changed indeed; for then, to be sure she was

always thinking of you: and my old mistress never spoke of you without tears in her eyes: but then, in a day or two comes that nasty old Nevil, and behaved so badly that it was quite terrible to see; and then finding that Miss Emma loved always to be with me, and that we were a great deal together. I heard him say to Mistress, while I was by, 'It is that little impudent hussy that encourages your daughter in all her whims, I mustn't have you keep her any longer.' My mistress begged hard for me, but she daresn't contradict that man; and so after many kind words, which was very good of her, she said I must leave her, but particularly she said for no fault, only because of what her brother desired. So I went up with a heavy heart to get my things, and to take leave of Miss Emma. Dear me, how she cried when she heard I was going! she went up and down sadly, and fetched me a great many things to give, and seemed as if nothing gave her pleasure but while she was giving those poor things away: I didn't like to take them; for somehow her kindness and the way in which she

she looked at me, almost broke my heart : but she kept saying, 'take them for my sake, I have nothing better to give you, my poor Nannette!' and that hurt me still more; but I would take them then : and after that she said, 'I shall be miserable indeed, now I am going to E——, without my mother ; God bless you, my dear Frederic, you will not suffer more than I shall!' and then she gave me a letter for you, because, she said I, might see you first ; and then she kissed me, and bade me think of her, and so I came away just as if I left every thing that I liked behind, though to be sure that wasn't the case ; but Miss Emma was the best of young ladies, for a lady to be sure she was, and I shall never live with such another."

Frederic, who had a long time endeavoured to conceal his tears, now felt them fall in spite of him. "But where," said he, with great emotion, "where is the letter?"

"I will fetch it presently."

"Immediately!" cried Frederic.

Nancy obeyed—Frederic broke it open, it contained the following words.

L——, Nov. 4, 1792.

“Nothing, my dear Frederic, shall prevent my taking the last opportunity of communicating my thoughts to you: alas! it is indeed but a slender chance that even what I write will ever meet your eyes. Oh! where are you wandering now? What can have become of you? Do you ever look towards L——, or upon the little lock of hair, and think of Emma, who always thinks of you? No cruelty, no fortune, no event can compel me to think of another. How often do I visit that sad place where we parted in the evening, and gaze upon the melancholy stars, and sometimes think we shall meet again beyond them and be happy; here we shall never be so. Ah! how far from any hope of it shall I be when you receive this! My dear mother has been very ill; she was far from well when you saw her, and Bath is now recommended as the only means for the re-establishment of her health: My cruel uncle with difficulty was prevailed upon to consent;

consent ; for without his assistance the journey was impossible ; but, upon this condition he yielded ; that I was to accompany him to E——, a miserable lone place, which looks the abode of mischief and suffering. My mother dared not irritate him by refusing ; for notwithstanding that she would willingly have given up her journey ; yet, not to have acceded would have rendered irreconcilable a man, on whom our subsistence depends : for her sake I will submit with cheerfulness ; alas, no, with patience,—cheerfulness has left me for ever ; but heaven, and the remembrance of you, my Frederic, will support me : but yet the idea of my dearest, my kindest mother, alone, ill, in a strange place, attended merely by domestics !—Who will endeavour to amuse, to beguile the tedious hours of sickness ?—She grieves, I see, internally, but with the noblest fortitude she represses her own feelings, she even endeavours to console me. May heaven support and bless her, and give me strength to emulate her fortitude. My mother is very uneasy about you :—Ah ! Frederic, she is not alone

in that ; but if I could hear of you, I would write her word, a direction to E——, will be sufficient, but it must be under cover to Mrs. Jagger, who is the housekeeper, and very much my friend. Farewell, my dear Frederic, may heaven give you comfort ; and sometimes think of

EMMA NEVIL."

"But why," cried Frederic, with whom the mention of E—— had damped all the joy the kindness of the rest of the letter had given him ; "but why did she go to that place, to that wretched E——? Why did Nevil wish her to go there?"

"Oh! that is easy to guess: all the Haywoods were asked there to spend their Christmas."

"Oh! yes! yes! I see how it is: then they are married; and that letter is my renunciation; and Haywood's generosity was the result of pity."

"Have you seen Mr. Haywood then, Sir?"

"Yes,

"Yes, I have a letter, which I have not the courage to open,—I know too well its contents."

"That you can't know, Sir; and as to not looking at it, that's quite out of the way; for I'll never believe no otherways than that Miss Emma loved you."

"Loved me? yes, once."

"Yes, and she does still, or else she's very much changed indeed."

"And she *is* changed!"

"Well but, Sir, that is Frederic, you'll look at the letter now I hope?"

"No, never."

"Then let me."

"Yes, Nancy, you may see it; and then you will know how just are my suspicions."

Frederic always kept his three torments about him in a rough pocket book, which he had purchased: the letter of George,—that written by Cecilia's direction,—(both of which had escaped the notice of the soldiers, when they rifled his pocket) and the letter of Haywood; and now taking them out, he gave the latter to Nancy, who without ceremony

broke it open, and immediately the ring fell out and rolled upon the floor.

"What ring's that?" cried Nancy, while she searched for it.

"That," repeated Frederic, with a long sigh, "is a little token, a circlet of my own hair, which I gave, in happier times, to Emma, in exchange for one of her's; she has sent it back on her marriage, and I have returned her her own."

"Your hair is it?" said Nancy, looking at it; "well to be sure 'tis faded I must say! Why, only see, your's is dark brown, and this is almost as light as flaxen."

Frederic something surprised by this speech, snatched the circlet out of her hand, when to his surprise and delight he discovered it was not his own, but the hair of Emma, which he had given to Haywood in the winter.

"What can he mean?" he cried, "read the letter, Nancy."

Nancy began spelling with great pains, but at last finding the attempt vain, "Lauk, Sir," she cried, "you know I can't read writing;

writing; and then here's all manner of flourishes."

"Give it me then," said Frederic. He took it, and read the following words.

West H—, Jan. 4, 1793.

Sir,

"I am very much concerned, that by wilfully persisting in an error, you will make misery for yourself and uneasiness for Miss Nevil. You will not condescend to hear me one moment, or I should have removed your ungenerous suspicions: It is necessary for that purpose (as I trust that you will attend with more patience to writing) that I should explain the circumstances of the intended connexion between myself and Miss Nevil. It will be no novelty to tell you that it originated in an agreement between Mr. Nevil and my father; and, on both sides, I believe, there was but one motive. I had known Miss Nevil from her infancy, and felt all the affection of a brother for her; this affection I felt would soon soon become considerably increased; in short, I rejoiced in

the union my father projected. Other motives have since made me change my ideas; I felt not miserable when Miss Nevil declared that she could not love me; she assured me, however, of her friendship and esteem, with which I was satisfied. Meantime I thought it would be most prudent not to declare our sentiments to our parents, until it should be absolutely necessary; this, however, your proposals and their acceptance prevented becoming so. My father, at first was much enraged, and, I am sorry to say, circulated many things respecting you and the young lady, very injurious; but since your misfortune, Nevil thought proper to encourage me again. I will not describe to you Miss Nevil's present situation; only let me say, that it is unhappy indeed.

“Having seen this, I suppose you will not now, Sir, feel that repugnance to learning my commission; and you will see its propriety when you understand that my relation to Miss Nevil is very near, my mother being the sister of Mr. Nevil: looking upon me as a brother, she had confided her attachment for

for you to me. Miserable about your present situation, she entreated me to seek for you, to inquire of your distress, and if possible to comfort you. I am sorry I cannot give her a good account of the execution of her wish; but you would not listen: your dark and unjust suspicions overclouded your understanding:—I regretted it indeed, but I had done my duty. I have now only to say that another attachment will always prevent on my side an union, to which my cousin's attachment to you was already an insuperable bar. Farewell, Sir, and if the love of an amiable woman can make you happy you ought to be so.

I remain your obedient, &c.

F. HAYWOOD."

P. S. I enclose the ring, and a small memorial from Miss Nevil.

"Fool, fool, that I have been!" exclaimed Frederic, "these months which I have spent in misery, might have been all of happiness, had I seen this letter. Haywood then loves not my Emma but as a relation!"

"That

“That I’m not quite so sure of,” said Nancy; “but, dear me, Sir, I do think you acted very silly to keep this letter nursing up so long.”

“Amiable angelic girl!” cried Frederic, as he again run over part of the letter with his eye: “What, what did you say?” pursued he, turning to Nancy, “that you were not sure of?”

“Nay nothing, Sir; if you didn’t hear it it’s as well gone.”

Frederic was again reading the letter, he paused—reflected—smiled—arose, then seated himself again—then turning to Nancy for some time with an absent air, he at length said, “Well, Nancy, go on with your story, you have not told it all:—Miss Nevil, you say, parted with you, gave you that letter, spoke of me, and what did she do next?”

“Lauk, Sir, I don’t know what she did, for she went away soon after that; and as I was saying, away came I, heavy hearted indeed, and so home I went; and there I could do nothing but sit and cry, cry, cry all day; and my mother was very sharp indeed, and
scolded

scolded me for ever, till I soon grew sick of every thing; and then I took it in my head that I'd go up to London and get me a place, and so forget them all. So one morning before it was day a long while, I got up, and tying up what I had, in a bundle, particularly the things which Miss Emma gave me, away I sat off to the coach. The wind blew hollow, the rain fell, and I was so cold and so sad, and every thing, I thought, seemed to be like me. I tried to look towards your farm house Sir, which used to please me so, when I could see it from L——; I might have seen it from the top of the hill, but it was so dark; but I could tell the place, as I thought, in the midst of the duskiness; and then I thought how things were changed in a few months—and Will was not there then!—but yet I liked to look that way, but it made me cry bitterly; and then I looked towards East Tilbury: that's where Will comes from, Sir, but a great high hill stood between me and that, and that hurt me. Now to be sure, Sir, you'll say this is all very foolish to tell you about; but then it so pleases me to think about those old times, and all that happened then."

“But did you go to London?” said Frederic.

“I was coming to that, Sir. Well, I had an hour and a half to wait for the coach, and then off we set just as it was day. When we got there I was frightened indeed, and was all confusion with the noise the people made.—The way I had thought of was to inquire for a Register’s Office, as they call them, and so get a good reputable place: but this same Mr. Yelverton happened to go up to town at the same time, and so seeing me stand in the yard, he looked at me hard a long time, at last coming up to me, and winking his eye, in his odd way, ‘Well, my little maid,’ says he, ‘what part of the town may you be going to?’ ‘I don’t know Sir,’ says I, foolish enough. ‘Not know?’ says he. ‘Why, Sir,’ says I, ‘I am after a place.’ He shook his head, then, ‘A place?’ says he, ‘and pray have you any friend to recommend you to one?’ ‘No Sir,’ says I, ‘I wish I had; but I mean to go to the register’s office.’ ‘Bah!’ said he, wrinkling up his nose, ‘the register office!—that’s the way how it always is; I

with those places were —' and then he muttered something against them. 'Mayhap, Sir,' says I, 'you could be so good as to consider me, and get me a place, I'm sure Sir I should greatly thank you.' 'Mayhap I will be so good,' said he, with one of his particular smiles, 'and mayhap I will be better, and take care of you till I have considered you.' Then to be sure I thanked him, and he took me in doors, and spoke to the mistress of the house, 'Now,' says he, 'Mrs. (something, I've forgot the name Sir) I leave my daughter in your charge until to-morrow, and I expect you will take great care of her, and be very kind to her.' Only think, Sir, how I was startled! but twas very good of him to be so kind to a stranger. Well he took me apart, and bid me go out no where, nor talk to nobody, until I see him again. That I thought particular, but however I minded, and next morning he came with a very fine young lady, as you should see, 'Here, my little lass,' says he, 'this is my neice, Miss Alicia Yelverton, she wants just such a little maid as you: I suppose you are not particular about where you live?'

live?" "No, Sir," said I, and I thought to myself so as it wasn't L——, or B——. They talked to me a great deal, and Miss looked sad at me, and said I should suit her very well; so next day down we came here, and here I've been ever since, little thinking of seeing you, Sir: I heard they had a new servant at the other house, but, dear me, it never entered my thoughts it was you: but here Miss is very good to me, but then she mopes and mopes about, and calls me Anne, as sad! and not like Miss Emma; she keeps within, and I only see her night and morning, and she reads and plays on a little piece of music that she carries about, and sings such lonesome things; it's enough to break one's heart to hear her."

"Well Nancy," said Frederic, "I am much pleased with your story. I assure you I was very uneasy about you."

"And what did Will say?"

"Will, he was very uneasy too."

"Was he Sir?—Was Will uneasy?—Why should he be uneasy, he did not care for me."

"On the contrary," said Frederic, "I believe he cared for little else—poor Will!"

— "Dear

"Dear Sir, and what parted you?"

"Some foldiers."

"Soldiers, why he didn't lift I hope."

"I do not know, but it is very probable."

Nancy sighed deeply, but made no answer. Frederic arose,

"I am glad to meet you so well, my little sister," said he, "but it is high time for me to go, you see it is almost dark."

"Lauk aye, besides you'll go round, won't you?"

"Go round, and why?"

"Why sure, Sir," said Nancy, with a look of terror, "you could not go by West Barn at this time of night."

Frederic laughing inquired the reason.

"Why, Sir, haven't you heard that things walk there?"

"Aye, certainly, a great many things; cows, and horses, and hogs, —"

"No, Sir, not such things, but spirits: — there's an old woman comes every night, in the shape of a white cow."

Frederic's immoderate laughter at this idea, much offended Nancy.

"Well

“Well, Sir, you may laugh, but ’tis very true for all that; I am sure I would not go there now for all the world, for fear I should see my poor father’s ghost look out of the loop-hole.”

“Why, I understood,” said Frederic, “there were two ghosts, I did not know that they had parties, or that it was the resort of ghosts in general.”

“Dear Sir, I didn’t think you would talk so, ’tis flying in the face of Providence, as I may say; but now, those trees!—only think what I have heard has been seen by them.” Nancy shuddered, looked behind her, and crept close to Frederic, “Suppose, now, suppose, Sir, you should see poor Miss Emmeline walking in her shroud, dear me!—”

Frederic felt an involuntary awe at the mention of that sacred name: “And why,” said he, “should you suppose that the spirit of my mother would choose such a place to visit me in?”

“Why, Sir, don’t you think that her spirit is always near you, and looking at you? and if it had any thing to say, or any thing to warn

warn you of, sure that would be the place to appear in."

The idea that his mother yet regarded him, was yet present to him in spirit, had much possessed the mind of Frederic; and the last words of Nancy made more impression upon him than he chose to confess; he made, however but a slight answer, and wishing her good night, hurried away. The evening was clear and the West yet retained a slight tinge of the departed sun, and deadened the brightness of the small crescent moon, which was shortly about to set. Frederic felt superstitious fear grow fast upon his mind; the idea of his mother arose strongly in his fancy, and although he blushed at his cowardice, he wished that the haunted field was passed:—he reasoned however, and endeavoured to combat those ideas, and by the time he entered the heath he had regained his composure; yet he trod lightly, he listened intently, and notwithstanding all his resolution, he could not avoid sometimes stealing a glance at the double elm: When once, as he looked, he thought

thought he observed the 'interstice filled up! A chillness ran through his veins, he stopped short, and looked at the tree with the earnestness of horror: A reflection crossed him, it might be the ground beyond, or some object placed against the tree, which occasioned that dark appearance; by this idea he began to be reassured, when on a sudden the light again appeared in the interstice. Frederic stopped, his breath grew short, and he stood in terrible expectation, when the tall and stately figure of a female slowly appeared, it's back was towards him, and the faint light just sufficed to shew that it was wrapped in a loose black vest, which rising above its head, waved in the wind. Frederic felt the blood rush to his face, his brows involuntarily contracted, his mouth opened, and a long convulsive sigh broke from his heart; he approached gently towards the figure, then recoiling a step, listened without daring to speak; when he heard it in a low and mournful tone pronounce his own name, accompanied with a blessing.

"'Tis she! 'tis Emmeline" he madly called out.

The figure turned round; a pale face looked at him one moment, and then uttered a faint shriek, and flying swiftly along disappeared behind the barn. Frederic stood a short time aghast, then wild with horrible conviction, he pursued the path the apparition had taken; he looked round the barn, and the little straw-yard before it; no trace of the figure was to be seen: he then looked up at the shattered door, and felt half inclined to enter; yet the idea was terrible, and, if he could have reflected, absurd; as the total darkness within would not allow him to distinguish objects; yet with wild resolution he determined to enter. He opened the doors; all within was dark and silent, where many a merry hour had been spent, when the song and the dance, in the old days of hospitality, had often been heard, but never might be heard again; the days were long since past which had known its state of grandeur, and now the hand of time threatened even this poor vestige with ruin, and the wind whistled through the numerous chinks.

Frederic

Frederic entered with precipitation, but as he proceeded, a human hand striking against his leg, arrested his steps, and in the next instant he tripped against some heavy substance, and fell at his length on the floor. Frederic arose instantly, and retreating farther, stood with that confusion of mind which made him unable to examine what had impeded him; or rather, occupied too much with the figure he had seen, to think of any thing else; presently he observed the door open again, and something which the increasing darkness prevented him from distinctly seeing entered. Frederic shuddered, his blood curdled, when the faint rustling of the straw convinced him that the object, whatever it was, was approaching, and to avoid it was impossible. He had not much time for reflection, for the object, after a slight search came up to him and seized him roughly, at the same time exclaiming, in a known voice,

“Oh, I’ve got you!—Why what the devil are you after?”

“Joshua!” cried Frederic, recognising his fellow servant, “is it you?”

"Is it I, aye: but what brought you to this place?"

"Have you seen it?" cried Frederic, in an agitated voice.

"Seen what?"

"The figure."

"What the old woman in the shape of a cow?" cried Joshua laughing, "no:—why, 'look!—if you a'n't all in a tremble: Why, Fred, one would think you had seen something."

"And I have!" said Frederic in a sad voice; then recollecting himself, and not wishing to tell what he had seen, he added, "cannot you tell what it is? I fell over it, there it lies."

Joshua now burst into a fit of laughter: "What poor old Tom? What don't you know he lies here every night? and if he hadn't had a drop too much, I fancy you'd have gone nigh to scare him: but come along."

They left the barn, and Frederic asked his companion the cause of his seeing him there. He answered, that having come to meet him, he had observed him run away as soon as
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himself came upon the heath, and that supposing he had done it in joke, he had followed him into the barn. Frederic did not contradict this idea, and endeavouring to conceal his agitation, changed the subject of their discourse.

All the family were in bed when Frederic reached home. In vain did he attempt to gain repose; his mind dwelt with painful intentness on the figure he had seen; in vain did he endeavour to account for it as a natural appearance; what female of that figure could walk at such an hour, in such a place? and even if that were possible, how should she be acquainted with his name?—Why should she call a blessing on him? and when she disappeared behind the barn, whither had she gone, as the gate stood on the opposite side to that on which she departed? Yet his mind, long taught to discredit the tales of supernatural agency, would scarce permit him, on cool reflection, to allow it to be the spirit of his mother; and indeed even if it had been allowed that the spirits of the departed are suffered, for any particular purpose, to revisit

revisit the earth, to what end had this apparition arisen? It had not spoken with him; it had, on the contrary, no sooner been spoken to, than it shrieked and vanished from his sight: and to the most superstitious mind unless grossly ignorant, that so material a breach in the laws and analogy of nature as the appearance of an incorporeal being, should be permitted, merely for the sake of pronouncing a blessing, must appear highly improbable; that blessing too had been pronounced in a phrase very little appropriate to the expressions of a mother, and still less so to those of a spirit; the words seemed detached from a speech, and were as follows: —“ Mr. Montague, wherever he is, may the Almighty reward and bless him.” If his mother had appeared to him, she must in such a case be certain of his situation.

Frederic found that the more he reflected, the darker, the more confused grew his thoughts, and he recollected, that however he might waste the hours in watchfulness, he must rise with the dawn; and if he were exhausted by want of sleep, how should he ex-

ecute his duty on the morrow? He therefore endeavoured to compose his thoughts; he drove from his ideas the extraordinary appearance, and his late happy discovery returning to his thoughts—the image of Emma yet loving him, yet thinking of him perhaps at that very instant, soothed his mind; he folded his arms and dwelt on the sweet idea until it grew confused, and faded away in sleep.

His mind, however, much disturbed by the events of the day, refused to partake in the rest: painful images arose before his fancy, he thought he again saw the figure, and discovered it to be really his mother; it led him through many wilds and hollow places, at length it stood with him on the side of a steep, and pointed to the bottom, which as he eyed it, seemed continually retiring; on a sudden the figure of his mother changed to that of Emma; she seized his hand with a smile, sweet but melancholy, and urging him forward, precipitated him and herself into the abyss.

Frederic started and awoke: he looked
4 around

around some moments before he could recollect his real situation; but observing it was still night, and Joshua was as yet asleep, he again composed himself. His sleep was now quiet and undisturbed, and he arose in the morning refreshed and far happier than he had been before; for the first object he observed were the letters of Emma and of Haywood, which had fallen on the floor in the night.

At breakfast Joshua relating the last night's adventure, Frederic had much raillery to endure from Yelverton, who asked many whimsical questions about the old woman, in the shape of a white cow, and whether she came with two heads, or without one. Frederic's serious looks by no means contributed to decrease this mirth; while the good old housekeeper, who zealously believed in all the mysteries of West Barn, was much shocked, and declared it as her opinion, that Fred had certainly seen something.

"And pray," said Yelverton, "did you see any thing worse than yourself?"

"I think not."

"Did you see any thing better?"

Frederic disliked this questioning excessively: "I have not said I saw any thing of importance."

"Nor you haven't denied it—but Jos. found you in the barn: now it runs in my head strangely, what you could go there for."

"Joshua has told you, Sir."

"Well, but as you are so afraid of seeing *things*, as you call them, its very odd you should go there merely for a joke; it was very dangerous too, let me tell you. Why the good old white-cow-woman without a head might have come and stood at the door and kept you there all night."

The old housekeeper and her maid both shuddered at this idea.

"And is it possible, Sir," said Frederic, "that you can suppose me, or indeed any one, capable of believing so ridiculous a story as that of your old woman?"

"Well then answer faithfully, did you go to the barn for the reason Joshua thought?"

Frederic would not assert a falsity, and to have been silent was of little avail.

"It was not, Sir," he answered.

"It was not,—then pray what was?"

"Aye, pray what was?" said every one.

"I fought what I could not find," said Frederic.

"And what might that be?"

"I must entreat you, Sir, not to question me about it; it is very little interesting to any one present."

"O Lord have mercy upon us!" exclaimed the little maid, "to be sure then he has seen it."

Yelverton took great pains to smother the laugh which was rising to his countenance, which, however he could compose his mouth, yet glistened in his eye. "You see, Fred." said he, "you have now frightened us all, you must therefore tell us all about it, or else we shall not sleep to-night, I am afraid, some of us,"

"I have not, I repeat it, declared that I saw any thing extraordinary."

"Well, come then, I'll only ask one question: Should you dislike passing by West Barn alone again to-night?"

Frederic bit his lips with vexation, not a little increased by the countenances, some of ridicule, some of anxiety, which were turned upon him. He hesitated: — “I wish, Sir,” said he, “you would quit this subject.”

“Well, well,” said Yelverton, “don’t be frightened, I am not going to send you: next time Sally shall go with you, (won’t you girl?) to take care of you.”

“I’ll be whipped if I do,” cried the girl.
“No, not for five hundred pounds!”

“I’ll tell you all what,” cried John Williams, “I fancy that this same thing that Fred looked for, was no ghost, and then perhaps he’d full as leave go alone.”

This excited a general laughter. Frederic confounded and irritated, turned from them to the man next him,

“Joshua,” said he, “are you ready to go?”

“What, to the barn?” said the fellow.

Frederic, now quite angry, arose, and leaving them, prepared to go to the field.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

FREDERIC longed anxiously for an opportunity of answering the letter of Emma, but this could not be done before the next Sunday, without exciting the observations and suspicion of his comrades; this delayed him however but a day or two, he then went to the Ship, and procuring with some difficulty pen and ink, sat down to write.

He gave a concise account of every thing which he had done and suffered since they had parted, enlarging upon his obligation to Will, and lamenting the accident which had separated him from that unfortunate young man: then having related as briefly as possible the subsequent events, he went on as follows.

“ And now, my dear Emma, if the detail my misfortunes has excited in your bosom

commiseration for my sufferings, let it cease, now I am happy. Your kind letter, and one to the same effect, from your excellent and generous cousin, Mr. Haywood, have dispelled the clouds which had gathered round my hopes: forgive me that I did not accept your kind present, (such I understand it was,) I then knew not that it came from you,—and now I no longer need it: my situation is far from unhappy,—

“Easè and alternate labour — happy life!”

was the expression of an admired poet; and to its truth I am now witness; nor do I feel it a disgrace to owe my subsistence to my own hands, and to the goodness of Providence in allowing me a continuance of health. But write to me, if possible, my dearest girl, say that I need no longer be anxious on your account,—say you are happy,—that your dear mother, my best and most valued friend is returned, and is well;—I yet encourage pleasing hopes: surely we are not always to be separated,—we are yet very young, and a few years may witness a change in circumstances. I say not this from any reason I have

to

to suppose it will be so ; but the idea has supported me, and will make me content under every difficulty : but there are some moments when I dread (forgive me Emma) I dread lest I should not live in your heart, and that if I were now to meet you, I should not see again that sweet smile upon your countenance—how bitter are those moments ! But I am unjust, my doubts, my suspicions are unworthy of you banish them at once, my love, by one kin it assure me once more that now, that even now, you think with kindness on the

Unfortunate degraded,

FREDERIC OSMOND.

P. S. Be not surpris'd at the name I have assumed, it is Frederic Nevil : direct to me, in that name, at the Ship ; at West H—.

Frederic, as usual, was dissatisfied with what he had written : he thought it expressed not half his sentiments, and the language was by far too cold for what he felt ; yet, after much reflection, and several attempts which pleased him yet less, he folded it, and directing it

to L——, whither he supposed Miss Nevil must by this time be returned, he desired the woman of the house to stop the post man as he passed, and give it him, and then returned home.

Frederic in vain endeavoured to discover an explanation of the apparition he had seen by West Barn. As often as he had leisure he failed not to visit Nancy ; but to her he was unwilling to relate an occurrence which would have confirmed all her superstitious terrors. The same reason prevented him from communicating it to any one else : he had therefore no opportunity of clearing the mystery which yet hung uneasily upon his mind.

He related at length to Nancy the circumstances of his separation from Will, and the acute anguish which the poor girl expressed much affected him ; she doubted not but he was murdered,—and the idea of the man she loved cruelly mangled, and exposed unburied to the birds of prey, or thrown into some hole, without the rites of sepulture, struck her heart : the form she had looked upon with pleasure, once lusty with youth
and

and health, was now a meagre skeleton ; the heart which had loved her was withered away, and beat no more : she burst into an agony of sorrow at these ideas. Frederic with the gentlest good-nature endeavoured to console her, but the deep sobs which broke from her heart prevented her from hearing him, but perceiving his purpose, she shook her head with comfortless bitterness.

“ Oh ! no, no, no,” she sobbed out, “ I know he’s gone ! I know I shall never, never see him again !”

Frederic perceiving that he merely aggravated her sorrows, entreated her once more not to grieve so violently, and declared it as his opinion that the young man was certainly alive ; he then, promising to see her again in a short time, left her, heartily regretting that he had acquainted her with the unhappy circumstance ; but he had found it utterly impossible to evade her urgent and repeated questions.

The month of May passed on, and Frederic under all the disadvantages of a situation of which his mind was almost weary, could not
but

but enjoy the approach of the summer of one of the most lovely and fruitful of years; yet his spirits sometimes flagged, the powers of his understanding felt lethargic, and he seemed rather to vegetate, than to live; no feeling dwelt much upon his mind at present, but anxiety at not receiving an answer from Miss Nevil. May was gone, and many days of June were passed, yet in vain did he go to the Ship to inquire, no letter had arrived for him. The cheerful hay-time relieved his spirits, but could not soothe his anxiety; it introduced likewise some melancholy reflections—it reminded him of the days which were gone—in one year how were his prospects changed!

As the last load was driving home one evening, and Frederic occupied in these reflections, lingered in the road far behind, with his fork resting on his shoulder, the quick trampling of horses sounded behind him.

“Holla! you clodhopper,” cried some one.

Frederic turning saw a footman, in an elegant livery, behind him.

“I

"I say you fellow," continued the man, "do you know where one Farmer Yelverton lives?"

"I live with Mr. Yelverton," said Frederic.

"Oh, you do, do you? Well then here's a letter for Miss Yelverton, his niece, which you must give her directly, d'ye hear?"

"And pray, young man," said Frederic, "whom am I to say it comes from?"

"Why you rough-hewed rascal, do you know who you speak to? What is it to you who it comes from? Do as you are ordered, and, d'ye hear, bring an answer to-morrow to the Ship, you can't fail of finding us."

Frederic had felt great inclination to chastise this fellow; but the man perceiving perhaps his intention, and by no means relishing his lusty appearance, or the weapon in his hand, to which a horsewhip would have been but a poor antagonist, made good his retreat, after throwing the letter on the ground: Frederic picked it up with great coolness, and continued his pace homeward. He shewed it to Yelverton, who after thinking a few moments,

"This

"This should go to night," said he, "but it's late, however if you don't like it, Fred, the boy Williams shall go."

"By no means, Sir."

"What, will you pass by West Barn again?"

"And why not, Sir? I shall do it, perhaps with more courage, and certainly with as much safety as John Williams."

"Umph! well but I say, don't now—mind you don't get to loggerheads with old Tom again." Yelverton began to put on what Nancy denominated one of his particular smiles. "That was a black business, Fred, I can't tell what to make of it;—was there nobody there but Tom, Eh, how was that? I doubt there was some black under hand work there."

"Sir!" cried Frederic, totally at a loss to comprehend him.

"Nay, nay, I did not mean to frighten you, only you told me as you sought what you could not find; now you have been that way a great many times since, and I should like to know if you have had better luck."

Frederic'

Frederic's evident agitation increased the mirth of Yelverton.

"Come," said he, "I've done, but I was going to say, as it is so late you had better sleep there, and then you need not be frightened, and perhaps you will not be obliged to seek without finding."

Frederic was confounded and rather vexed but he could not avoid laughter at the droll countenance of Yelverton; thanking him for his offer, which was by no means unacceptable, he once more set off for West-Moor Farm.

Nancy opened the door for him, but fled away without speaking; and presently the housemaid came to him: Frederic delivered the letter, and soon afterward he heard a shrill voice say,

"Desire the young man to come in."

The maid appeared and delivered her message, and Frederic followed her into an inner apartment, where he saw by the dim light of the evening, a lady sitting on a sofa, in a dejected posture; she was in mourning, and a deep veil, thrown half aside, nearly concealed

concealed her face; a lute stood near her on the table, on which several books lay scattered. Frederic started,—a strange conviction rushed upon his mind; he was, however, silent, and awaited the lady's commands.

“From whom,” said she, “did you receive this, letter?”

Frederic related the circumstance. Miss Yelverton held the letter unopened in her hand, and gazed on the seal, as if half wishing yet fearing to break it. After sighing deeply,

“I will look at it before mid-night,” said she, “and you shall have the answer in the morning; in the mean while I have nothing to say to you.”

Frederic wished much to continue the conversation, as he hoped to clear up a mystery which yet disturbed his mind; but fearing to offend the lady, he retired. He was sitting afterwards with Nancy, and endeavouring to persuade her to overcome her excessive sorrow, when looking by chance into the mead, he perceived the same figure pass it which had terrified him a month before

fore on the heath, by West Barn. Turning to Nancy, he eagerly asked her if she knew who it was.

"Lauk, Sir, what don't you know? Why that's Miss as you've just been seeing."

"Indeed! and where is she going to?"

"Oh, only rambling all about the fields and singing all manner of mournful things."

Frederic now felt convinced that he had seen nothing supernatural, and he could not avoid laughing at the superstitious terrors he had given way to. He now related the whole adventure to Nancy, who very gravely remarked at the end of it, "It is very true, Sir, you might be out this once, but still that's no reason why things have not been seen there for all that; I can never believe no otherwise."

In the morning Nancy gave him a folded paper without a direction, and desired him to go with it directly to the gentleman at the Ship: she added, that Miss Alicia had been writing she believed almost all night. Frederic hastened away to execute his commission: he thought it, however, highly proper
to

to mention it to Yelverton, who immediately sent him forward, saying, "Yes, certainly, do as the lady desires you."

Somewhat surprised by this speech, he continued his way to the Ship; he met the servant, who had given him the letter, and delivered the answer to him.

"Sit down, my lad," said the fellow, and then went in.

"Lord, Fred," said the good woman of the house, "here's been a thing happened t'other day, that's I mean yesterday, just as we were sitting at tea, who should drive in spank here but this great Lord; for a Lord to be sure he is; and he axed for 'commodations and that. Dear my heart, what 'commodations could I give such a great person? However, I've done my best, and he's very well pleased I believe, and he talks of stopping."

"Well," interrupted Frederic, "but has not he told his name?"

"Yes, yes, but tis a terrible long out-landish kind of name; I can't think of it—well, no matter."

The

The servant appeared again: "My master wishes to see you," said he, "so wipe your shoes fellow and come in."

Frederic felt so little pleased with the message, that he was half inclined to disobey it; but curiosity was too strong to allow him to listen to resentment, and he followed the servant into a little mean room, which, by way of pre-eminence, was styled the parlour. A very elegant, and, apparently, a very young man, sat at a small table, with his back turned to the door, and was reading the letter.

"Leave the room, John," said he without looking round. The fellow obeyed. Frederic was suddenly struck by the voice, but listened silently to what he expected to follow: the gentleman however continued for some time reading; at length laying down the letter, he sighed deeply.

"Did you see the lady, young man?"

"I did Sir."

"Was she reading my letter,—did you give it her yourself?"

"I may answer in the negative to both your questions, Sir: it was twilight when I
saw

saw her, and I delivered your letter to her maid: Miss Yelverton, however, I have reason to think, had not read it when I saw her."

"Have you lived long in the service of Mr. Yelverton?"

"Ever since the winter, Sir."

"Then you have often seen my—the young lady?"

"Never before last night."

"That is extraordinary; but why do you stand there, come round, I have several things to say to you."

Frederic obeyed, and came opposite the stranger: having gazed a moment on his features, he uttered an involuntary exclamation, "Good heavens! is it possible? do I see—Delaval?" he cried.

Delaval no less amazed, turned his eyes upon Frederic with inquiring eagerness.

"I should apologise," said Frederic, recollecting himself, "you cannot know me now; yet, Oh! Delaval, do not you too blush to recollect me."

"Blush to recollect you, young man?" cried Delaval with increasing astonishment.

"What!"

"What!" cried Frederic, with a feeling of anguish, "has misery so cracked my voice, has labour so deformed my figure, or have a few months so obliterated my image, that Delaval has forgotten his friend? look at me again, once again, and say that you remember Frederic Montague."

"Montague!" repeated Delaval, starting, "in this place, in such a habit!"

"Oh! do not look at my habit," said Frederic dejectedly, "misfortune has compelled me to wear it: I pitied you, Delaval, once, and do not spurn me!"

"Dear Montague!" exclaimed Delaval, taking his hand, "Ah! forgive me, I own I am astonished, but never, never will I spurn the truest friend I ever possessed, the man to whom I owe so much."

"Owe so much!" repeated Frederic.

"Yes," returned Delaval, "more than yourself are acquainted with; do not wonder, indeed surprise on my side should be greatest."

"I am glad to see you so much happier, as you appear to be, Mr. Delaval," said Frederic, in a restrained voice, "but there is
nothing

nothing surprising in malice and unkindness ; it is not extraordinary that the unhappy should be despised, or the fallen insulted."

"Despised ! insulted ! explain yourself, dear Montague."

"No, Sir, I entreat you to think no more of me ; to see you, and be recognised by you, is the extent of my hope : Adieu, Sir, I will expect your answer, without —" he was going.

"What, Montague," cried Delaval, in a voice of the deepest concern, "have you then forgotten Brighton, and our friendship ? how often you have wished to see me happier ! I am so now, and will you leave me the instant you learn it ? Oh ! rather stay with me, explain the mystery : You tell me you are unhappy ; can I not return the consolation you bestowed on me ? you are fallen, you are despised, shall I despise you, Montague ? If you are fallen, it must be much, for me to claim equality with you."

"Delaval," cried Frederic, "if I have served you, as you intimate, I rejoice ; but yet I feel unhappy in your presence ; I am no longer the heir of Montague, I no longer

longer bear his name ; my pride, however, has not forsaken me, and I blush to stand the humble ploughman of a poor farmer before
——”

“And can you think,” interrupted Delaval, “that it was your name or rank that caused my friendship? What is changed? Your dress!—Ridiculous! Is not your heart the same—the heart that pitied me? and are not you the same who preserved my dear, my lovely, my innocent Caroline?”

Frederic started.

“Dismiss your suspicions, they are ungenerous;” pursued Delaval, “remain with me now, I will not trouble you to take my answer to this letter, but stay with me: and may I ask to know the cause—?”

Delaval paused; his earnest manner, his real friendship, and the half indignant manner in which he had reproved his suspicions made Frederic ashamed of having indulged them.

“Excuse me, my generous, my only remaining friend,” said he, “that I should not dare to hope for that kindness from you which I have expected in vain from much more

ancient friends; but, Delaval, if I am still your friend, if you still think me so, let me remind you of the confidence you owe me, let me hear the tale of those sorrows which are now passed, and then I will willingly give you its melancholy companion: I make a condition with you, if you are interested in my fate, how long have I been so in your's? first, therefore, you must gratify me, and I shall not then hesitate to satisfy you."

Delaval smiled. "I agree to your condition," said he; "the objection to explaining things which appeared extraordinary, no longer exists, thank heaven it no longer does; yes Montague, I have found the folly of despair: some of my sorrows existed only in imagination, others are dimmed by the years which have rolled over them, and at present a little anxiety alone remains. Sit down, my friend, take some refreshment; in the mean time I will write an answer to this letter, we will then recount our respective sufferings, and together will look forward to our clearer prospects, and exult over the sorrows which are past; yes, Montague, if what I conjecture

be

be the truth, they are, they shall be so; and long years of happiness will stretch themselves before us."

Frederic did as he was desired, Delaval sat down and wrote hastily, then calling his servant gave him a folded letter without suffering him to enter, and returning to his seat began as follows.

END OF VOL. II.

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